

Catholic Digest

25¢

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 10

JANUARY, 1946

No. 3

The State of the Nations	1
Fallen Cities	6
Movies and Catholic Youth	10
So You're Thinking of a Divorce	14
Correct Time	19
A Scholar Finds a Book	22
Hurricane Chasers	25
Our Faith and the Footlights	28
The Truth About Trade Unionism	33
The Kachins of Burma	36
Frankie Learns Catechism	39
Task of Woman in the Modern World	43
Are the Strikes Justified?	49
Resignation	53
Dante the Thomist	57
Follower of Christ	62
Sisters of Harmony	64
Socialism and the Church	66
Misery	72
A Cardinal Fights for Labor	74
Genial Genius	79
The Cross in the Rhineland	81
Surrender in Tokyo Bay	85
Costa Rica: A Rural Democracy	87
What Do You Know About Sleep?	92
Scholasticism and Order	93

CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

From the East came the Magi to Bethlehem to worship the Lord; and when they had opened their treasures, they offered unto Him precious gifts: gold, as to the great King; frankincense, as to the true God; myrrh, for His burial, alleluia.

Manifestly great is the mystery of piety, which was made manifest in the flesh, was justified in the spirit, appeared with angels, was preached unto the Gentiles, was believed in the world, was taken up into glory, alleluia.

Two antiphons from the Epiphany octave.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG.
41 E. 8th Street

ST. PAUL, 2,
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class
matter, November 11th,
1936, at the post office
at St. Paul, Minnesota,
under Act of March 3rd,
1879.

Copyright 1946 by The
Catholic Digest, Inc.



Published also in a Braille
edition at a cost of \$10 per
annual subscription, donated
by friends of the blind.



Published also in Spanish from
Buenos Aires, Argentina. Sub-
scriptions at \$3 a year for
U. S. readers accepted at the
St. Paul office.

The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3.00 the year—2 years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis R. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton (in the service),
Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold
J. O'Loughlin, Ted LeBerthon.

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



Catholic Digest

Vol. 10

JANUARY, 1946

No. 3

The State of the Nations

Miserere nobis

By PITIRIM A. SOROKIN

Condensed chapter of a book*

If a person has no strong convictions as to what is right and what is wrong, if he does not believe in any God nor absolute moral values, if he no longer respects contractual obligations, and, finally, if his hunger for pleasures and sensory values is paramount, what can guide and control his conduct toward other men? Nothing but his desires and lusts. Under these conditions he loses all rational and moral control, even plain common sense. What can deter him from violating the rights, interests, and well-being of other men? Nothing but physical force. How far will he go in his insatiable quest for sensory happiness? He will go as far as his brute force, opposed by that of others, permits. His whole problem of behavior is determined by the ratio between his force and that wielded by others. It reduces itself to a problem of the interplay of physical forces in a system of physical mechanics. Physical might replaces right. In a society or a

set of societies composed of such persons the inevitable consequence will be a multiplication of conflicts, a brutal struggle involving domestic groups and classes, as well as nations, an explosion of bloody revolutions and still bloodier wars.

Periods of transition from one of the fundamental forms of human culture to another inevitably produce a struggle of the utmost intensity, marked by the widest diversity of forms. Within a society the struggle assumes the form of an increase of crime and brutal punishment, an explosion of riots, revolts, and revolutions. Within a set of societies it manifests itself in an explosion of international wars. The greater and more profound the transition, the more violent the outburst of revolutions, wars, and crime and punishment. Such periods are invariably times of cruelty, brutality, and bestiality unrestrained by anything except mutual force and fraud.

*The Crisis of Our Age. 1944. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. New York City. 338 pp. \$3.50.

Let us now see whether history corroborates the preceding propositions. Let us begin with the trend of wars and revolutions. In this verification let us be scientific and avoid the usual pitfalls of illustrative methods. The history of mankind reveals so many wars and internal disturbances that one can always find a few which seemingly prove his point, however fallacious it may be. Instead, we shall take all the wars and revolutions of the Greco-Roman and western cultures from about 500 B.C. to the present. We thus avoid the bias of a one-sided selection of corroborating cases and can survey the main trends in a long stretch of time in adequate perspective.

All the known important wars in the history of Greece, Rome, and the western countries from 500 B.C. to A.D. 1925 number 967. Each of them may be considered from the standpoint of duration, size of the armies, and casualties. Taking for the measure of war the size of the casualty list per million of the corresponding population, the war magnitude appears as follows for each specified century. For Greece: in the 5th century B.C. the indicator of war magnitude is 29; for the 4th century B.C., from 48 to 36; for the 3rd century B.C., from 18 to 33; for the 2nd century B.C. from 3 to 3.6. For Rome (Italy) the indicator is 12 for the 4th century B.C.; for the 3rd century B.C., 63; for the 1st century B.C., 33; for the 1st century A.D., 5; for the third, 13. If we take the whole Roman Empire, then the respective indicators are naturally much lower: 3 for the

1st century B.C.; 0.7 for the 1st century A.D.; and 1.3 for the 3rd century A.D. The empire as a whole, of course, enjoyed the *Pax Romana*. For Europe the indicators of war movement as measured by the same yardstick, namely the number of casualties per million of the corresponding population, are as follows: for the 12th century, from 2 to 2.9; for the 13th century, from 3 to 5; for the 14th century, from 6 to 9; for the 15th century, from 8 to 11; for the 16th century, from 14 to 16; for the 17th, 45; for the 18th, 40; for the 19th, 17. When we come to the 20th century, the indicator for the first quarter alone stands at 52.

If, instead of the war casualties per million of population, we take the size of the armies, the result is similar in all essentials. The figures give a roughly accurate idea of the increase or decrease from century to century. For Greece and Rome as well as for Europe they show that war increases, with a slight lag, precisely in periods of transition from one form of society and culture to another. We know that the 5th and 4th centuries B.C. in Greece were a period of transition from the previous ideational to a sensate culture.* They furnish the highest indicators of war magnitude in Greek history. When, with the end of the 4th century B.C.,

*Sorokin explains his terms in an earlier chapter. An ideational culture is one based on the principle of a supersensory and superrational God as the only true reality and value. An idealistic culture has as its major premise that the true reality is partly supersensory and partly sensory. A sensate culture is based on the principle that all true reality and value is sensory.

sensate culture became dominant and stable, war tended to decrease. In Rome the centuries from the 3rd to the 1st B.C. were a somewhat similar transition period. Hence the war index for those centuries was extraordinarily high. The 1st and 2nd centuries A.D. witnessed a well-established sensate culture and society. Their war indices are accordingly low. The 3rd century saw the beginning of a decline of sensate culture and the emergence and growth of Christian ideational culture; hence the notable rise in the curve of war indices for the 3rd century. For the period from the 4th to the 6th century, it is impossible to secure even remotely reliable data. But it is tolerably certain that those centuries were even more warlike than the 3rd.

Still clearer is the situation in medieval Europe. We have seen that the figures for the 12th and 13th centuries are very low. It is reasonable to assume that they were still lower between the years 700 and 1100, an era of settled ideational culture. This ideational system, however, had already begun to decline at the end of the 12th century. Therefore the war index shows a slow upward trend from the 12th to the 17th century, with an especially sharp rise in the latter century. Toward the close of that century sensate culture became triumphant, and many a feudal relationship was liquidated. Hence the war index for the 18th century falls slightly, and in the 19th, the golden age of contractualism and the zenith of sensate pre-Victorian and Victorian culture, sharply declines, making the 19th cen-

tury almost as peaceful as the 16th. Toward the end of that period the definite signs of the disintegration of sensate culture and contractual society made their appearance, a process which assumed a catastrophic magnitude and tempo in the present century. Accordingly, the war indicator registers a unique upswing; for only one quarter of the period the figures exceed those of all the preceding 25 centuries with the exception of the 3rd century B.C. in Rome. But the Roman indicator (63) is for the whole century; the 20th-century index is for only 25 years, from 1900 to 1925. If to the European wars of 1900 to 1925 we add all the subsequent wars up to the present, the figures will eclipse even those for the 3rd century B.C. If, further, we add the wars that will doubtless occur from now to 2000, the 20th century will unquestionably prove to be the bloodiest and most belligerent of all the 25 centuries under consideration.

The extraordinary scale and depth of the contemporary social and cultural crisis are reflected by the equally extraordinary belligerency of the present century. From these summary data we perceive that the proposed theory is well corroborated by the war statistics of the 25 centuries studied. We see also that we live in an age unique for the unrestrained use of brute force in international relations. We observe, likewise, the tragic shortsightedness of our senescent society. Already on the edge of the precipice before 1914, it firmly believed that war was virtually obsolete. Nay, more: even after the cata-

clysm of 1914-1918, it continued to believe in the outlawry of war and in the possibility of an eternal peace to be established and enforced by the League of Nations. It did not realize that it was rushing headlong toward disaster. It was so blind and deaf it still beguiled itself with the fatuous notion of an irresistible and uninterrupted historic trend toward the elimination of war from the course of human history. It did not even take the trouble to plot the course of the wars of the past statistically. Verily, whom the gods would destroy they first make mad! Such blindness is in itself a symptom of derangement and disintegration.

In the light of our theory, we may safely hazard the guess that as long as the transition period lasts, and until the advent of a new ideational or idealistic society and culture, war will continue to maintain its dominant role in human relationships. Even the present armistice represents merely an interlude, to be followed by an even more terrible and catastrophic Armageddon.

The World War of 1914-1918 was the first of a series of cataclysms which sapped the wellsprings of our prosperity, reversing the trend of material prosperity. After the termination of the war, in the 1920's, there was a temporary improvement; but this was very shortlived, and soon, especially after 1929, a rapid decline set in.

During the 30's the decline assumed enormous proportions, with millions unemployed, with or without the dole (or its equivalents), with constant shrinkage of wealth and income, and

with other symptoms of acute depression. Artificial measures of alleviation were resorted to, mainly at the expense of future generations; but these measures proved entirely superficial and inadequate. With the outbreak of war in 1939 the decline in standards of living became everywhere catastrophic. Rearmament began to consume not only the surplus (if, indeed, there was any surplus) but the vital substance of national wealth and income, even in countries that remained neutral. As the war involved more and more of the Continent, privation and misery spread over ever-wider areas and gripped increasing millions of human beings. Their material standard of living sank to a level far below even the standards of the Middle Ages. Hunger, lack of clothes and adequate shelter (or even any shelter at all), and the lack of regular sleep and other elementary necessities became general throughout Europe, the greater part of Asia, many parts of Africa, as well as other areas. Security of property reached the vanishing point.

To these privations and miseries others, still more painful, were added. Security of life itself disappeared in all the belligerent countries. Multitudes were subjected to the tragedy of witnessing the sudden loss of members of their family and of friends and neighbors. Death became omnipresent! This phenomenon is amply demonstrated by the swiftly mounting death rate for 1939 and the subsequent years of war and unrest of the civilian population of European and other belligerent coun-

tries, as well as of some of the non-belligerent countries.

Thus, within three or four decades, dying sensate culture had scrapped the material well-being and other values created during the four preceding centuries. Man sits amid the ruins of his erstwhile splendid social edifice, surrounded, both literally and figuratively, by a ghastly array of corpses.

Additional evidences of the irony of history are furnished by the measures of so-called "social security" (insurance against old age and unemployment) introduced at a time when such security no longer exists; by pompous and highfalutin eulogies of democracy when the last remnants of democracy are vanishing (partly through the fault of those who pose as its self-appointed champions); by pretentious declarations of sensate humanism when every vestige of true humanitarianism has been discarded; and by resounding assurances that we can preserve "our way of life," be it American, German, Russian, or English, when the way of life traditional to the respective countries

has become a mere historic memory! The very fervor and clamor of such measures and pronouncements are infallible indications that the values in question have already perished or else stand in the gravest danger. When the status of the family, for instance, was still secure, there was little talk about the necessity of preserving it. When, however, the family began to disintegrate, a multitude of books, lectures, courses, and societies for the conservation of this institution sprang into existence. The same is true of social security, peace, humanism, democracy, prosperity, and the like.

Investing all his energies in the control of nature, sensate man achieved a conspicuous degree of success. But in this process he lost his self-control. Becoming, like a child toying with a bomb, infatuated with the physical forces at his disposal, in an access of madness he directed them against himself and his own achievements. In his eagerness to serve mammon he forgot to serve God, and he now pays the tragic price of his folly!



When I discovered I was expecting my third baby in the fourth year of my marriage, I was not displeased. But I knew that my parents, in-laws and friends would throw up their hands in exasperation. I felt I couldn't bear their saying, "What! Another!" I had to do something to save face in their eyes.

In the months that followed I became inspired, and, despite my usual heavy household duties, found time to produce two magazine articles which were published, and win a big prize in a radio contest. All and sundry were delighted. I was no longer a drudge, to be pitied, but a career woman. And when the time for the baby came, they "let me" have him without a complaint.

Quoted by Jeanne Marie Works.

Fallen Cities

By RUTH GAEVERNITZ

Condensed from *People & Freedom**

Consecrated rubble

There are visible foundations in Europe that have stood the test of time from antiquity to the present industrial age: the cities. The earliest north of the Alps were founded by the Romans in the age of the Apostles and the Caesars: Paris, Lyons, Trier, Cologne, Vienna, York. Later came those founded by Christendom on the model of the Roman cities; such were Louvain, Oxford, Zurich, Freiburg, Münster, as were also Prague, Buda, Cracow, Upsala, Novgorod, and many hundreds more. The citizens in the beginning clustered round the churches of their protecting saints, whom they felt as present in their midst.

The city spirit, elaborated by countless generations, became the cradle of self-government and political consciousness in Europe. This spirit found visible expression in cathedrals, churches, town halls, fine burghers' houses, workshops of arts, crafts and commerce, printing and publishing.

The successor of the old posting inn is the modern railway station. The descendants of the intimate workshops are the factories in the outskirts. The dignified burghers' houses in the hearts of the old cities have been complemented by equally proud working-class suburbs, defying the slums. The citizens of ancient cities, conscious of past and future, cherish their monuments, the

visible symbols of a continuous teaching without which Europe would not be Europe.

Many cities from early times embarked on international trade, developing an international spirit. In the lands of Germany and Italy, once parts of the multi-national Holy Roman Empire, where the national state with king and parliament did not develop as rapidly as in other countries, the various cities have remained the only surviving symbols of national history and achievement, and the only schools of democracy. In fascist Italy and nazi Germany the municipal spirit opposed dictatorship and warlike nationalism. To abolish the elected town councils was the first act of the dictators. Today even amid ruins, this spirit is not dead: Milan, Florence, Venice will be, as Cologne, Frankfort, Goethe's Weimar, Vienna, and their sister cities are, or might have been, incomparable schools of re-education and self-government to their peoples.

Each of those cities belongs not only to a nation but to Europe. They are not pieces of furniture to be lightly smashed, because a Hitler, with accomplices of every sort, for a score of years possessed himself of the German house. It is profoundly shortsighted not to see Europe as a whole, to fail to consider past and future generations.

* *Chepston Villas, London W. 11, England, April, 1945.*

Looking today at the fallen cities of Germany, we are reminded of the words of Jean Jaures when he spoke of "lamps of civilization" that might be extinguished. No one who cares for civilization can fail to mourn the cities that have gone. Contemplate the ruins of Charlemagne's Aachen, and of Roman Trier, a shrine of pilgrimage for all Christendom because of the precious relic, the seamless garment of our Lord.

One vast ruin is Cologne, as old as the Christian era, founded under Emperor Augustus, a queen among cities, with her hundreds of churches and chapels, some on Roman foundations, with her cathedral, which still stands, dedicated to the Three Holy Kings. Cologne was the seat of the archbishop chancellors of the Holy Roman Empire. Modern Cologne was the center of that Catholicism that showed its valor against Bismarck in the *Kulturkampf*, championing in the Reichstag the oppressed Poles, and developing the ideas of social reform that were consecrated by Leo XIII in the *Rerum Novarum*. Under the Weimar Republic, Cologne was a progressive, imaginative municipality. With Aachen, it had the lowest figures of nazi votes out of the whole Reich, some 29% as opposed to 45% in many other parts. The Catholic position in those cities, we are told, remained fundamentally intact during the years of naziism.

We think of golden Mayence, with her Romanesque cathedral and the Renaissance palace of the archbishop-electors. Here was the See of Bishop von

Ketteler,* the great pioneer of Christian democracy, a champion of social and constitutional liberties, a leading figure from 1848 to the *Kulturkampf*, of whom Pope Leo XIII spoke as his "predecessor."

We think of the ruins of once-flourishing Frankfort, founded by Charlemagne, in whose noble town hall, known as the *Roemer*, the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were elected. The international spirit of the long-autonomous City Republic has been mirrored by the humane and shrewd founders of the banking house of Rothschild, linking Frankfort with London and Paris. It was an element in the European humanism and supernatural vision of Goethe, who descended from the Goethe-Textor family which gave several magistrates to the Free City. (Nothing remains of Goethe's house in Weimar, which from the lifetime of the old poet to our own day drew pilgrims from West and East.)

Frankfort, in the Revolution of 1848, became the seat of the first German National Assembly, whose distinguished members met under the lofty cupola of the circular *Paulskirche*, where they tried to shape a modern German constitution. The building, now destroyed like the others, was pointed out to children by fathers. The Assembly was tragically overwhelmed by the military powers of the day; the Free City, in 1866, was conquered by Prussia. Yet all through the Bismarck era and that of Wilhelm II, Frankfort held high

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec. 1945, p. 13.

the torch of liberalism, radiating it through Germany and Central Europe through the famous paper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The unfulfilled hopes of 1848 were passed on to the second German National Assembly, which met under difficult circumstances in Weimar in 1919. Notwithstanding the terrible events of the Hitler period and the chaos of today, all this may still not be dead.

There was Freiburg im Breisgau, the gem of the Black Forest, with her lovely cathedral in whose spire the master of Strasbourg cathedral showed his art, her once-flourishing university, and her Archbishop, who has stood as undaunted champion of Christendom in the Hitler era and in the present catastrophe. Her sister in disaster is Münster, in Westphalia, of which the total destruction was announced by one line in the press, with a cathedral and university city of equal beauty, where Archbishop von Galen has defended the Christian cause through the dark years.

Let us remember, too, Hamburg, largest of the Hanseatic cities (others are Bremen and Lübeck), whose burghomaster, even in Bismarck's time, was the peer of princes—Hamburg, whose mind was open to the continents of the globe, her tastes close to England, her patrician burghers so contemptuous of Prussian militarism that to marry an army officer was counted a dishonor for their daughters. Hamburg, where nazism encountered the greatest resistance of all Germany, and where a socialist trade-unionist docker,

sitting in the Senate, was as proud of his Republic as was a conservative or liberal son of an old house. Let us remember the baroque splendor of princely Dresden, a garland on the Elbe, where Bach played his organ in the court church, and where Winckelmann found his life's vocation from his first sight of Greek statues and the Sistine Madonna in the royal collections.

The most distinguished 19th-century king of Saxony was a Shakespearean scholar, renowned even more for his translation of Dante. The Saxon elite disliked the noisy "greatness" of Wilhelm II. Let us remember Nuremberg, something of which may still be saved—Nuremberg, whose very name has been defiled by the nazis, with her shrine of St. Sebaldus and her famous fountains, the old trading Republic, a home of humanists, geographers and watchmakers, that was the town of Albrecht Dürer. Veit Stoss from Cracow, too, worked there. In modern times, under the Weimar Republic, Nuremberg reared many democrats and socialists, men now forgotten.

And again, there is Munich, Gothic, baroque, Grecian, characterized before the nazis by a twofold aspect of exuberant gaiety and repentance. What happened in the night of Jan. 7, 1945, when much of the cathedral fell, "was like an awesome prelude to that ultimate catastrophe of the Apocalypse," to quote its famous Archbishop, Cardinal Faulhaber, in a letter to his clergy.

Let us remember what those cities were, and others, too many to name,

in which the degree of destruction is not yet known: Wurzburg, Worms, Eisenach, Jena. But first in our thoughts are those irrevocably gone: fallen cities, now heaps of rubble. The guilty, the half-guilty, and thousands without guilt, lie buried under the monuments that were the love and labor of their ancestors and of themselves. Ruins remain, on the Rhine, on the Main, all over the German land, a horrible memento, following in sequence the ruins of Guernica, Rotterdam, Coventry, Warsaw and Belgrade, made by German nazism.

Yet Paris has freed herself; Strasbourg has been spared; Rome herself stands; Florence, where municipal resistance played so great a role, stands, though scarred. Oxford is untouched; London stands with all her wounds. Cracow stands, and surely will live. So, thank God, does shattered Vienna.

May those sister cities that survive not forget; may they take up the task in tragic Europe for those that have fallen. May they carry the torch of citizenship, of social endeavor, of all that the cities stand for, of truthful teaching, the torch of the spirit.



Dignity

The concentration-camp victims gradually came to know who among their own number was a man, and who was a function. The OSS report points out that they did not hate "all Germans." For among themselves were Germans who protected them—and Germans who exploited them. There were saints and heroes among the mass of helpless victims, as there were opportunists and savages. But the test was always individual. The words of Whitman were demonstrated daily, "Nothing survives, except personal character." Nothing is decisive when a man stands before torture and death, except his soul.

The lesson of Dachau is that no science, no technology, no political, social or economic systems, neither patriotism nor race, nor material standards of living, nor learning, nor civilization will save mankind from relapse into the most monstrous savagery, but only the most careful nurture of his noblest instincts.

I asked an old friend who served 20 months in the dreadful death house of Mauthausen, issuing from it half mummy and half man, "Who behaved best among the inmates? Businessmen? Intellectuals? What race? What political parties?"

He answered, after thinking a long time, "Priests."

I shall remember that answer forever, and translate it into a larger generalization: they remained men, in conditions of lowest bestiality, who served an Image and an Ideal higher than the highest achievements of man; an Ideal in whom alone man attains significance and worth. They were those who knew that man, as man, is a soul.

Dorothy Thompson in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (Sept. '45).

Movies and Catholic Youth

By URBAN H. FLEECE, S.M.

Seeing is believing

Condensed chapter of a book*

In studying the part movies play in the Catholic adolescent's life, the extent to which they influence him, and the extent to which they complicate his problems, I queried 2,000 Catholic high-school boys in 20 Catholic high schools throughout the East and Middle West. According to the replies, three out of every four boys (75.2%) in our Catholic high schools attend the movies once a week or oftener, with the average boy attending 1.2 times a week, or 4.9 movies a month. These findings correlate very closely with the principal studies reported in this field, including the Payne Fund Study.

In comparing the movie attendance of Catholic high-school boys with that of Catholic grade-school children, it would appear that the younger children go somewhat more frequently. This same tendency continues, though to a lesser degree, on the high-school level. Further, it seems (from another study) that Catholic high-school girls attend movies slightly more frequently than Catholic high-school boys.

Though the Legion of Decency has done much to elevate the general moral tone of the movies, much still remains to be accomplished; for an analysis indicates that slightly more than one out of five programs is rated as suitable for family attendance, while nearly 37% contain definitely adult material wholly

unsuitable for young people. Moreover, the Payne Fund Studies pointed out definitely not only how the movies present extremes as if they were the norm (thus producing a distorted concept of life), but likewise how they overemphasize crime, love, and sex to the extent that one's chances of seeing a crime picture rated one in four, a love picture one in three, and a sex picture one in seven, crime and sex thus accounting for the principal themes of two-fifths of all pictures produced. The fact that fewer than one-fifth of the crimes depicted are punished makes such presentation especially unwholesome.

While there may be nothing intrinsically wrong in making love, what renders the lovemaking patterns of these pictures so dangerously influential with adolescents is the fact that the majority are of the passionate kiss-and-embrace type, with more than half the scenes taking place in automobile or bedroom. Furthermore, illicit love is the goal of leading characters in one-fifth the pictures, ranking sixth of all the goals for which leading characters are portrayed as striving; crime for gain ranks fifth, while winning another's love ranks as the prime motivating force of all characters. But even here the adolescent is bewildered by a distortion of reality; for example, the leading characters fall in love at first

*Self-Revelation of the Adolescent Boy. Bruce Publishing Co., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 384 pp. \$3.50.

sight in 60% of the pictures, whereas love as the fruit of friendship over a period of time (which is more true to life) is found in only 5%. The boy is further wrongly impressed by the fact that whereas in life 60% of men and women marry, on the screen only 15% of men and 21% of the women are thus united.

The adolescent is caught in other snares when he finds three-fourths of the pictures portraying characters in scanty clothing, such characters being women in 60% of the pictures. Furthermore, he can expect to see intoxication in 43% of the pictures and vulgarity in 65%, each picture containing on an average three such incidents. In a third of the pictures this vulgarity hints at improper sex relationship, and in an additional 25% vulgar reference is made to the human body.

As would be expected, the majority go to movies to be entertained and for pastime. It seems rather unfortunate that nearly three out of ten find their leisure so poorly provided for that they go to movies to escape idleness. It is not surprising that one out of 12 goes for the principal purpose of learning about life and of seeing how things are done, for at this age the boy is being introduced to a realm of life somewhat new and strange. He is on the lookout for hints which will aid him in his new adjustments, especially those in his social relations. He is seeking suggestions which will help him to become popular, "striking," and correct.

For a rather small number that find in the movies a means of escape from

harsh reality, the motion picture is evidently a blessing, at least for their peace of mind. But for an almost equal number who go to the movies because of the opportunity it affords "to kiss, pet, and hold hands," it is anything but a blessing. Some actually admit they take their girl friends to the movies because of the passionate response stimulated by certain scenes.

For the adult a movie is just another picture, but for the adolescent it is a transcript of life which he enters into rather completely. As a result of such strong emotional experiences, the adolescent boy is quite likely to experience subsequent strong temptations.

Boys' preferences for certain types of movies vary with age. The love-story and musical-comedy types consistently gain in favor as the boy grows older. The musical comedy is preferred to all other types by one out of three freshmen and almost one out of every two seniors. The love-story movie is the first choice of three times as many seniors as freshmen. A loss of interest in mystery, gangster-G-men, and western pictures is consistently evinced as the boy grows older. The seniors who prefer cowboy movies are fewer than half the number of freshmen who prefer them. Another noteworthy point is the sudden drop in number of seniors who prefer slapstick. (Older boys also found humorous reading material less appealing than the younger boys did.) But in general, mystery pictures are most popular with high-school boys, followed in order by musical comedy, ordinary comedy, historical films, and,

the gangster and western pictures.

To what extent and how are our Catholic high-school boys influenced by the movies? We put the question to the boys themselves in this way: Have the movies ever influenced your conduct, actions, or way of thinking? We then followed it immediately with: If so, in what way?

In their replies to the first question, nearly half the boys (47.6%) said they had been influenced by the movies. Only a fourth (27.7%) denied such influence, while about another fourth (24.2%) were uncertain as to whether they had been influenced or not. A few failed to reply. But of those who have been influenced, 7.6% feel that the movies influence them very much.

Some say that after seeing a "crook" picture they go out of the theater feeling tough, that they turn up their coat collars and squint at people out of the corners of their eyes as if they were going to "stick 'em up." Some say love scenes make them "more pensive and more desirous of being lovable and cuddly"; that such scenes make them want to go out and experiment; that they "stimulate sex feeling to the fever point"; that sensuous scenes play havoc with their emotions and "induce the idea of wildness and of being 'hot.'" Others simply say they experience a craving to imitate what they see on the screen.

There is no doubt that the adolescent tends to take the attractive screen heroes as his models. In a way, this is what should be expected, for the majority of movies deal with conduct of

young men and women and therefore treat of the phase of life which the high-school boy is entering. He is vitally interested in this new phase of his life which as yet is quite vague, and he is therefore anxious to learn about it. To him what is portrayed on the screen is modern, up to date, correct; and he looks to this supplementary system of education to learn how to deal with others, act in public, talk, and what to wear.

Many explained in general terms the influence they feel that movies have on them; therefore it is difficult to determine exactly whether the reactions are wholesome. However, judging from all answers, the influence is unwholesome.

An attempt was made to see specifically what effect movies had in the matter of sex and respect for authority. We asked the boys: Have the movies ever given you wrong ideas about sex, love, and petting? Have the movies ever lessened your respect for authority?

To the first question, 43.7% replied in the affirmative, though 55.8% said the movies rarely had this influence upon them. Of those who have been given wrong ideas on sex and love, 30% say that they have very frequently been influenced in this manner. A study of the replies on the various age levels reveals a tendency for the older boys to be more affected by movies in this matter of sex than the younger. Yet, while more than four out of ten admit the screen has had a detrimental influence, still others have been similar-

ly influenced but fail to recognize such influence as wrong. Some, in replying to related questions, say: "The movies have made me kiss and pet much more than I would otherwise"; "Through the movies I have come to freely abandon myself to the fact that love-making is okay." However, the same individuals fail to admit that motion pictures have given them wrong ideas in these matters.

Nearly eight out of ten (79.1%) claim the movies have not lessened their respect for authority. A few replying thus add that, on the contrary, movies have made them think more highly of law and authority. One out of five (19.7%), though, has lost some respect for authority because of flippancy in the movies. But only one out of 20 (5.2%) has frequently had this experience. Among the one-fifth who say their respect for authority has been lessened by the movies, the younger adolescents tend to predominate.

In portraying the life of modern youth in an attractive, romantic way, amid a setting of luxury and freedom, motion pictures are said to engender a certain amount of dissatisfaction with life. According to our study, six out of every ten high-school boys (60.3%) are not affected in this manner at all; but one out of every ten very frequently is. For these 200 boys, almost every movie they go to see sends them away more dissatisfied with their condition in life than they were before they went in to see it. Outside the few who did not answer (5%), an additional three out of ten (29.2%) experience these

same feelings of dissatisfaction, but only occasionally. In general, the number of older boys so affected by movies tends to be larger than the number of younger boys.

To see to what extent adolescents really look to the movies for guidance, they were asked: Do you feel the movies are an important guiding influence in your life? To this question 24.4% of the boys answered Yes; 62.6%, No; and 12.4%, Uncertain. Twelve boys gave no answer. From the answers given to the question, Why?, it is apparent that a fair number who answered No to the question we are considering interpreted the word *important* to mean *necessary* guiding influences, for they went on to explain they could "get along without it" or that they consulted others who influenced them more. Be that as it may, one-fourth of our Catholic high-school boys do regard the movies as a guiding influence in their lives.

It would seem, however, that our high-school girls look even more to the movies as a guiding influence than do our boys, for more than a third of the girls (35.5%) felt their attendance at the movies was an important guiding factor in their life, only 52.8% of them being of the opposite opinion, according to Sister Mildred Knoebber, O.S.B. These figures are quite significant in view of the fact that many of the pictures portray principles of conduct and concepts of character which are anything but wholesome and certainly not in keeping with Catholic morals.

There are some men, principally in the commercial world, who emphasize the assertion that the movies are sheer entertainment, a catharsis, a purging of the emotions, an opportunity to escape from the headaches of everyday living.

But such a limited concept of the movies as a sort of national aspirin is not in keeping with the findings presented in the foregoing pages. With nearly five out of every ten boys claiming that the movies have influenced

their conduct and with almost as many admitting that pictures have given them wrong moral ideals; with four out of every ten stating that movies have made them dissatisfied, at least on occasion, with their own lot in life; with one out of five claiming a lessening of respect for authority because of what was seen on the screen; and with one out of every four feeling that the movies are an important guiding influence in life, it is evident that movies are more than mere entertainment.



So You're Thinking of a Divorce

By FREDERICK A. BREYER

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

See your pastor first

Louise was sitting on a bench in the corridor outside the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations, awaiting an interview. She was desperate, and the memory of two hungry children kept her glued to the chair.

Soon she was talking to the sympathetic court social worker and pent-up details came pouring from her lips. Her 12 years of married life with Jim had begun happily enough, and Dick and Patsy coming along a few years later made their mutual joy complete.

Jim lost his job during the depression, but his pastor found him a part-time job. On off days he worked in his

vegetable garden; he and Louise, facing poverty together, found satisfaction in each other and in their children.

Then war boomed employment. Jim found work in a defense plant, and his intelligence and zeal won him successive promotions. His earnings doubled, trebled, quadrupled.

Jim bought new clothes, an expensive automobile, developed new appetites for costly recreations. Attendance at Mass became irregular, then ceased as Jim called himself a "production soldier," pleading the virtues of patriotism, and lost interest in his wife and children.

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio, November, 1945.

Jim worked from 4 P.M. to midnight, but didn't get home until about daylight and sometimes not at all. Despite his high wages, he was always broke; then he borrowed from loan companies and, to make his payments, cut down his wife's household allowance.

Louise tried to make herself attractive; she encouraged her children to adore their father, but saw the attitude of Dick and Patsy toward him change only to strangeness and fear. Then one day Jim didn't come home at all; he sent no money; the landlord hinted for his rent; the grocery money was exhausted; and Louise had reached the end of the trail.

During the lonely night hours she remembered that years ago she and Jim had talked about a neighbor who had successfully sought help at the Court of Domestic Relations but never did she expect to find herself in the same predicament. She concluded her story to the social worker with the agonizing plea, "What can I do?"

The Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations, together with the Juvenile Court, is presided over by 75-year-old Judge Charles W. Hoffman, nationally recognized authority in the administration of the "Family Court," as combined domestic relations-juvenile courts are usually known. During all the 30 years Judge Hoffman has presided, more than 50,000 couples have brought their troubles to him either in official divorce suits or in unofficial requests for assistance in marital difficulties.

The Court of Domestic Relations

has always cooperated intimately with the Catholic Charities, the Protestant Council of Churches, and the United Jewish Social Agencies. The former Director of Catholic Charities for the Cincinnati archdiocese, Msgr. R. M. Wagner, worked daily in the Cincinnati court for 11 years and developed a close cooperation between it and the Catholic Charities in dealing with juvenile delinquency and domestic difficulties. His main objective was to prevent divorces, wherever possible, of Catholics.

The court regularly provides the Catholic Charities with a list of new divorce suits filed in which the divorce petition lists either or both persons as Catholic. This information the Catholic Charities in turn furnishes to the respective pastors concerned. When divorce decrees are granted in which Catholics are involved, the court similarly sends this data to the Catholic Charities, and the agency in turn transmits the information to the parish priest.

From first contact to final disposition in Catholic cases in the Court of Domestic Relations, the court officials work constantly with the parish priests and the representatives of the Catholic Charities. Judge Hoffman and his staff are anxious to salvage all marriages possible, and to do preventive work with the family on an unofficial basis wherever possible.

The case of Jim and Louise is just one of hundreds each year. Their troubles ended happily because the court worker enlisted the aid of their

parish priest. A series of interviews with his pastor brought Jim to a sense of his responsibilities. A tactful visit to Jim's employer by the social worker from the Catholic Charities brought about his transfer to the day shift. The pastor kept a watchful eye on Jim, succeeded in interesting him in the parish baseball team, and two years later Jim and Louise were happy in their new home, more in love than ever before.

Unfortunately, the very intensive social-work methods used in the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations are not typical of average divorce courts. They have been made possible by the 30-year continuity in office of Judge Hoffman and his insistence upon preventive social work with the families having marital difficulties; upon adequate provision for the children of separated and divorced families; and upon adequate support money, so that the mother and children may have the same standard of living as the former husband. There are only 30 other similar family courts functioning in this country, which represent but a small percentage of the 3,000-odd counties in the U. S.

Another case shows how little misunderstandings lead to divorce. Tom Johnson came to the court with despair in his heart and a worry-lined face that made him look much older than his 48 years. Susan, his wife, nagged him unceasingly, Tom said, and he couldn't stand it any longer. He had stuck it out for 24 years but now the kids were out of school and he must have peace or go crazy.

I talked to Tom, for men will usually talk more freely to their own sex, and drew from him the details of his problem. Tom and Susan had lived happily together the first two decades of their marriage and all her nagging really dated back to the period when she was recovering from a prolonged illness.

After winning Tom's confidence, I sent for Susan. I found she feared doctor bills, and had never returned to her physician after her long hospital stay. Without realizing I had steered her there, Susan returned to her physician who readily recognized her impaired and run-down physical condition and started corrective medical treatment. As Susan improved in health, her nagging proportionately diminished, and now Tom and Susan are in the mid-50's and enjoying their first grandchild.

The Court of Domestic Relations is legally charged with hearing all divorce and alimony suits. It also has concurrent jurisdiction in cases where fathers and mothers are charged with failing to provide for their children. Ohio law provides that at least six weeks must elapse between the filing of the divorce suit and the date upon which it can be heard. During this period the court registers the case with the Central Social Service Exchange, which in turn notifies the court if any health, welfare, or social-service agency has ever known the family.

The court writes to the agencies indicated by the Social Service Exchange as knowing the family and receives reports from them. By the time the di-

orce is set for hearing, the judge has in most cases a body of information which enables him to understand the causes of this family's disintegration. Frequently the testimony of witnesses is false and the judge is often able to detect this by his already compiled information on the family. The judge is always alert to detect possibilities of reconciling the family and wherever possible uses the services of the court social workers or other social agencies toward this end.

When reconciliation fails, the court insists upon proper provision being made for the children. The determination of custody by the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations is not hurried or casual. The children must be placed with the parent with whom they will receive religious and educational training, physical care, love and protection. If such care cannot be provided by either parent, then the court will see that other relatives or foster parents, under the supervision of a social agency, do their best as substitute parents.

Divorce statistics and my own experience indicate that, with outstanding exceptions, a divorced person is not usually a good matrimonial risk. This statement is borne out by the large number of persons coming to the Domestic Relations Court for a second or third divorce, thus showing their innate incapacity for successful marriage relationships. The 1944 annual report of the Montgomery County Court of Domestic Relations at Dayton, Ohio, shows that out of 2,932 suits handled by that court last year, in 875 cases one

or both parties had been divorced at least once.

Divorce hearings often disclose unfit parents, neglected children, unwholesome environment and destructive influences. When such conditions are revealed, the case is transferred to the Juvenile Court and the neglected children surrounded by all the safeguards society can provide.

Approximately 35,000 divorce cases have been disposed of by Judge Charles W. Hoffman in three decades. Experience has shown that the legal grounds alleged in the petition for divorce are seldom the real cause of the divorce. The real reasons are frequently complex and never exactly alike.

What are the causes of divorce? I have been frequently asked this question, and the following reply is based upon my experiences in four and one half years as chief probation officer of the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations. Happily married persons who regard marriage as a sacrament, who look on their union as a means of mutual help toward Christian living, and who regard children as sacred responsibilities for whom marriage was created and for whose souls they must some day answer, do not come to the Court of Domestic Relations.

Marriage is an adult relationship requiring mature personalities. Many "unhappily married" persons I have interviewed had been unhappy, maladjusted single persons who expected marriage to effect magical, romantic changes in their own personalities. The marital difficulty may be due to an un-

derlying physical condition which constantly influences the emotions. Only the emotionally immature expect to be "married and live happily ever after."

Infidelity, frequently alleged as the cause of separation and divorce, is sometimes an unfounded charge based on jealousy and suspicion. It is often based on the accuser's feeling of inadequacy or insecurity. Quarreling or incompatibility is a symptom of some deeper, underlying condition. Such a condition, I have observed, may be caused by ill health, nervous exhaustion or frustration, expressed in argument or antagonism, overexpenditure of energy, feeling of inferiority, radical difference of outlook or standards, or desire for domination.

Other causes of divorce frequently discovered by court social workers are mother-in-law or "relative" troubles, disagreements over children, money quarrels, bad sexual adjustment, lack

of home interests or lack of out-of-home interests and, finally, selfishness or unwillingness to make the sacrifices necessary in every Christian marriage.

Genuine love is sympathetic and forgiving as well as demanding and possessive. When marital difficulties arise they can be overcome. A priest, physician or social worker can assist in straightening out marriage difficulties. A recent study showed that the Catholic Charities of Cincinnati was able to effect satisfactory adjustments in 80% of the marital-difficulty cases referred to them if the referral was made before a formal divorce petition was filed.

If you have trouble with your husband or wife, don't think of lawyers and divorce but see your pastor. Marriage is not a romantic interlude but a vocation to be entered into with a sense of humility and with a consciousness of the need for supernatural help.



Time Piece

A story going the rounds in Prague is indicative. The normal pattern of Russian holdup is to have a gun stuck in your ribs while the Russian says flatly, "*Davai mne chassy*," meaning, "Give me the watch." One day a farmer, leaning on his pitchfork near a country road, saw a little cart driven by a Russian soldier bumping along toward him. Abreast the farmer, the soldier reined in and called, "What time is it?" The farmer decided it was best not to admit he had a watch, so he planted his pitchfork firmly in the ground, took his bearings, looked at the shadow and answered, "Ten-thirty." The soldier looked impressed. He hitched his left sleeve up and looked at his wrist watch. It said ten-thirty. He hitched his sleeve higher and looked at his second and third wrist watches. They said ten-thirty also. He repeated the performance with three wrist watches on his right arm, then he turned to the farmer and snapped, "Give me your pitchfork."

Richard C. Hottelet in *Collier's* (17 Nov. '45).

Correct Time

How we split the second

By J. W. IRVING

One of the most essential considerations in the progress of civilized man since the dawn of history has been the development of devices for recording time. In this development has been the urge for accuracy. Before the birth of Christ, men were concerned chiefly in time as measured by days, months, and years. Minutes and hours didn't count so much. But as the affairs of man grew more complex, accurate measuring of seconds, minutes, and hours became essential.

Today schedules have to be laid out in hours, minutes, and seconds. Trains leave at definite times to prevent collisions. Factory whistles and school bells are governed by clocks. An accurate watch is important in our lives: how important one is to the railroad engineer! There is no guesswork; he knows it will tell him the correct time to the fraction of a second. With the engineer, inaccuracy could mean a wreck.

The development of time-measuring devices is most interesting; for in each successive step we can get a mental picture of the lives and ways of living in respective eras. Chaldean priests in the Euphrates valley organized days and months of the year. They predicated time on the regularity of the motion of the earth about the sun. When one revolution was complete, a period had elapsed. On this basis priests determined the number of days in the greatest cycle of time. Years were measured

by them each time the earth made one complete revolution about the sun.

The sundial was the first attempt at measuring the passing of time, and as early as 4000 B.C. primitive sundials were in use in Egypt, Asia, and southern Europe. This invention, however, was unreliable. The sun didn't always shine, and cloudy days were of necessity timeless. There were other faults with the sundial; for instance, as the earth moves around the sun, there is a deviation in the position of its own axis, consequently the sun casts different shadows at different times of the year. At changing seasons, the earth, at varying distances from the sun, caused additional errors.

A more dependable method was sought, and the sundial gave way to the clepsydra, a water clock, which first came into use about 1000 B.C. in Babylonia and Egypt, and was used in the Roman Senate. The first water clocks were crude. Water was poured into a container and allowed to drip out of a small hole. When all the water had leaked out, a certain length of time had elapsed. Later water clocks were fitted out with gears that moved a pointer on a dial. But accuracy could not be had, for when the reservoir was full, greater pressure forced the water out faster than when the water level was lower. Water clocks were used in the courts of Athens to regulate the time of speakers. A long-winded orator

was stopped when the water allowed him had drained out. Speakers were provided with amounts of water in accordance with their importance.

In 300 B.C. the hourglass was introduced. This device was more accurate than water clocks. (Small hourglasses are still used for timing short intervals, usually three minutes. The time required for the sand to pass from one bulb to the other is always the same.) Candles which burned for definite lengths of time were also used in China during this same period. But in all the world there was no instrument to tell the correct time at every moment. Not until the 10th century do we find continuous time recording, the beginning of the clock as we know it today. A monk named Gerbert, in the year 990 invented a clock to ring prayer bells. This was continuous time recording, but the clock's principal function was to indicate one designated time each day when the prayer bells were to peal.

In succeeding centuries, with growing appreciation of time, demand for an accurate instrument grew. Germany, Italy, and France became prominent in clock manufacture. Henry de Vick of Württemberg built a clock that had only an hour hand driven by a 500-pound weight. But it was less accurate than the sun dial or water clock.

No genius until Galileo discovered a principle of mechanical movement that would definitely assure accurate and continuous recording of time. The principle that led to accurate clock regulation was discovered in a chapel near the leaning tower of Pisa.

In 1581, Galileo, the discoverer of the moons of Jupiter and the phases of Venus, while attending services, glanced at a lamp swinging overhead in the gentle breeze. The thought came to him that no matter how far it swung, the lamp always took the same time to swing back and forth. To make sure, the scientist counted the beat of his pulse to time the movements. His supposition was proved indisputable. He had established the pendulum principle, which means that a body with weight at one end and supported by a light rod or wire will oscillate at the same rate no matter how far it swings. It could be regulated by lengthening or shortening the rod.

Although Galileo had ascertained a great principle, it was a Dutch astronomer, Christopher Huyghens, who applied it to clock making. He used the constant period of a pendulum to catch and release the escape wheel of a clock mechanism and regulate its movement. This constant rate of movement when transmitted to the hands showed continuous, correct time. A clock mechanism was successfully constructed by 1665. Improvements in the mechanism of pendulum clocks continued, tending always to greater accuracy.

But pendulum clocks would not function under all required circumstances. A pendulum clock would run only in a vertical position. You could not use a pendulum clock on a rough sea. And for obvious reasons a pendulum watch could have no practical use. So the search continued. The demand brought about the invention of the bal-

ance wheel during the 17th century. Instead of a pendulum, a wheel governed by a coiled spring was used. The principle of the balance wheel, however, is basically the same as that of the pendulum. It has the same constant period for each cycle as does the pendulum and is regulated by changing the length of the spring. The balance-wheel improvement led to the making and widespread use of easily carried watches. Stem-winding watches which we have today were introduced in 1843 by Adrian Phillips, a Swiss watchmaker.

During the early 19th century, per-

formance of clocks and watches was greatly improved by the use of temperature-compensating metals in pendulums and balance wheels. Pendulums were built with "gridiron" rods which expanded in opposite directions, with the result that approximately 90% of former errors were eliminated. Balance wheels were fitted with cut rims. Expansion in and out changed the diameter of the wheel, reducing errors caused by changes in temperature. Hair springs were also made of nickel alloys to reduce temperature variation and prevent the bad effect of magnetism on steel hairsprings.



Practice

If ignorance is the cause of evil, then every university professor should be a saint. Knowledge alone does not make anyone better; it can in some instances make a man worse, not only because it can make him a clever devil instead of leaving him a stupid devil, but also because it enables him to rationalize his evil, gilding sin with the gold of paradise.

Never before in the history of this country has there been so much education, and never before so little coming to the knowledge of the truth.

This is because knowledge and virtue reside in two different faculties of your soul. Your intellect is the seat of knowledge and your will the seat of virtue. Your intellect sets up the targets; but your will shoots the arrows of your choices and your acts. Granted that you are given a perfect target, it does not follow that your will must necessarily shoot at that target. You can aim even at the ground. Truth can be taught, but goodness cannot be only taught; it must be practiced. All the theoretical knowledge in the world about music will not make you a good piano player unless you practice.

Fulton J. Sheen in *Our Sunday Visitor's Spiritual Clinic* (MBS) (1 Nov. '45).

A Scholar Finds a Book

By HENRY A. SARNOWSKI, S.C.

Saved from the flames

Condensed from the *Catholic Library World**

Constantine Tischendorf resolved in 1839 to devote himself to textual study of the New Testament. His great ambition was to reconstruct the original text of the hagiographers, just as it came from their inspired pens.

He set out to explore the libraries of Paris, Florence, Milan, and other great cities on the continent, and then went to the East, visiting Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Greece. He wished to examine every Greek manuscript he could lay hands on. As he himself says, "The literary treasures which I have sought have been drawn in most cases from the convents of the East, where, for ages, obscure, industrious monks have copied the sacred writings, and collected manuscripts of all kinds. I wondered whether it was not probable that in a recess of some Greek, Coptic, Syrian or Armenian monastery there might be some precious manuscripts slumbering for ages in dust and darkness. And would not every sheet of parchment so found, covered with writings of the 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries, be a kind of literary treasure, and a valuable addition to our Christian literature?"

This desire was realized beyond all expectation. "It was at the foot of Mt. Sinai," he writes, "in the Convent of St. Catherine that I discovered the pearl of all my researches." In May,

1844, he visited the library of that Oriental monastery. In one of the halls he chanced upon a large basket full of old parchments. The librarian told him that already two such basketfuls had been burned. Tischendorf, picking up some of the old leaves, was amazed to find copies of the Old Testament in Greek. He asked the authorities to give him those discarded parchments, about to be cast into the flames, and he was given 43 sheets. The eagerness with which he accepted the gift aroused the suspicion of the monks, who refused to part with any more of the manuscript.

Tischendorf left with his treasure, but resolved to return again some day and at least copy out the priceless parchment. In February, 1853, therefore, he found himself a second time at the doors of the convent. But the 1844 treasure was not to be found. Again in 1858, authorized by Emperor Alexander II of Russia, Tischendorf resumed his research. The next January he reached the Convent of Mt. Sinai, and was warmly welcomed by the Prior. He devoted several days to perusing manuscripts; on Feb. 4, after a walk with the steward, the latter, while providing some refreshments, resumed the former topic of discourse, saying, "And I, too, have read a Septuagint." And with this, he brought forth a

*1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, 10, Ill., October, 1945.

bulky volume all wrapped up in red cloth.

Here let Tischendorf tell the story: "I unrolled the cover, and discovered, to my great surprise, not only those very fragments which, 15 years before, I had taken out of the basket, but also other parts of the Old Testament, the New Testament complete, and, in addition, the Epistle of Barnabas and a part of the Pastor of Hermas. Full of joy, which this time I had the self-command to conceal, I asked, as if in a careless way, for permission to take the manuscript into my sleeping chamber to look it over at leisure. There by myself I could give way to the transport of joy which I felt. I knew I held in my hand the most precious Biblical treasure in existence, a document whose age and importance exceeded that of all the manuscripts I had ever examined during 20 years of study."

In the cold of night, under a dim lamp, Tischendorf, full of emotion, sat down to transcribe the Epistle of Barnabas. To sleep at such a time seemed unlawful ("*Quippe dormire nefas videbatur*"). The original Greek of the first part of this Epistle had been sought in vain for two centuries.

The following morning, Tischendorf, about to set out for Cairo, requested the steward to allow him to carry the manuscript with him, so that he could have a complete copy made. But since the Prior was absent, permission was withheld at Cairo. Tischendorf then made haste after the Prior, obtained his consent, and had his treasure back again on Feb. 24. He lost no

time, and at the cost of great fatigue and personal sacrifice set to work transcribing no fewer than 110,000 lines of difficult reading.

Tischendorf later obtained permission to carry the Sinaitic Bible to St. Petersburg, where he had it copied as accurately as possible. Three years later, he completed production of the facsimile copy of the famous codex in four folio volumes. This edition he presented to Emperor Alexander II in 1862. His Majesty had financed the undertaking, and distributed copies of the critical edition throughout the Christian world. One is found in the New York Public Library. Pope Pius IX, himself, in an autographed letter, expressed his congratulations and admiration to the distinguished author.

The discovery of the famous parchment in 1844, the last of the most important codices to be found, was for Tischendorf the supreme triumph of his life. Since the manuscripts of the Greek text of the Bible are classified for practical purposes by alphabetical symbols, the Codex Sinaiticus, lacking an appropriate Roman letter, was designated by its discoverer by the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet. This precious manuscript was written in the 4th century, in elegant uncial calligraphy.

The 345½ leaves of the Codex are 15 x 13½ inches, and are of excellent vellum. Each page consists of four narrow columns, which indicate a possible transcription from an original papyrus roll. Each column has 48 lines of continuous, noble, simple uncials. The

manuscript at first contained the whole Greek Bible and two of the apocryphal books. The latter, together with the whole New Testament and a small part of the Old, luckily escaped the wastebasket.

Among the great codices the Codex Sinaiticus ranks second; the most valuable codex of Scripture is undoubtedly the Codex Vaticanus B, now jealously preserved in the Vatican Library. Tischendorf believed that the Sinaitic was one of 50 precious Biblical manuscripts made by order of Constantine the Great, as Eusebius, the Church historian, tells us in his life of Constantine: "I have thought it expedient to instruct Your Prudence to order 50 copies of the Sacred Scriptures, the provision and use of which you know

to be most needful for the instruction of the Church, to be written on prepared parchment in a legible manner, and in a convenient, portable form, by professional transcribers thoroughly practiced in their art."

The Codex Sinaiticus was for many years the possession of the czar's library in St. Petersburg, where it was ultimately presented as a gift by the monks of Mt. Sinai. Not until a few years ago did it find the custody of good hands, when the Russian government, on Dec. 16, 1933, sold the famous manuscript to the British Museum for \$500,000.

The centenary of the discovery was observed in May, 1944, the occasion for universal homage to the memory of Constantine Tischendorf.



Flights of Fancy

No more memory than a mirror.—*Rufus Gilmore.*

Don't burn the scandal at both ends.—*Oscar Finch.*

Her voice stamped its foot just a little.—*Charles Brooks.*

Modernity: An age of hard hearts and soft heads.—*Sister Vincent Ferrer.*

Sententious in manner, tencentious in effect.—*Kenneth Ryan.*

She's strictly a Junior Mess.—*Mrs. William H. Kann.*

Don't hitch your wagon to a bar.—*Echo.*

Silence is golden, but sometimes it's yellow.—*Marilyn Meyers.*

Many men think they are handing girls a line when they are merely being roped in.—*Mrs. Dean Stroud.*

Not all the darkness in the world can extinguish one single candle.—*Fulton Sheen.*

She used her lipstick with the unconcern of a cat washing its face.—*Isabel Patterson.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Special Introductory Offer to NEW

Please send for:

13 MONTHS FOR \$3.00 ☐

24 MONTHS FOR \$5.00 ☐

3 YEARS FOR \$6.75 ☐

SPECIAL RATE

12 months \$2.00, if sent to Servicemen in U.S. Camps

Start with the month of _____

Send **The Catholic Digest**

41 East Eighth Street • St. Paul, 2, Minn.



TO _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

, STATE _____

1-4



Postage
Will Be Paid
by
Addressee

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States


BUSINESS REPLY CARD

First Class Permit No. 607, Section 510, P. L. & R. St. Paul, Minnesota

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

41-43 EAST EIGHTH ST.

ST. PAUL, 2, MINN.



Hurricane Chasers

Tempest tempters

By EDMUND REGENSBURGER

Condensed from *Perpetual Help**

Can you imagine the din of a telephone ringing 50 times a minute, every minute for four days? That happened in the New York City Weather Bureau, Sept. 12 to 15 of 1944. A total of 289,486 calls was received over the automatic telephone system; and it was the same all along the coast from Maine to the Carolinas: all because of an impending hurricane.

Eight years ago most persons along the North Atlantic coast were content to leave hurricanes to the weatherman. But since then they have experienced Sept. 21, 1938, when a hurricane came roaring into New England, to leave \$350 million of damage in its wake. It stands next to the San Francisco earthquake as the greatest catastrophe in recorded North American history.

In September, 1944, another destructive hurricane tore up the coast. In Atlantic City, New York, and several other cities wind velocity surpassed all previous records. More than 43,500 buildings were damaged, destroyed or swept into the sea. Miles of Atlantic City's famous boardwalk were pounded to splinters. The Asbury Park boardwalk was ripped up and deposited a full block inland. At Nantucket the Coast Guard station disappeared into the sea. This storm, during its 900-mile sweep up the coast, amassed another \$100 million of damage.

And as though that were not enough, a second hurricane appeared a month later over Florida, causing a \$20-million loss to the citrus crop alone.

Hurricanes lash the island of Puerto Rico at almost regular 12-year intervals. Natives become so familiar with hurricanes they christen them after the saints on whose feast they fall. Thus they speak of San Felipe and San Cipriano, and date all important occurrences by hurricanes. Any missionary in Puerto Rico is familiar with "I was born three years before San Felipe." And during the months from June to November, there is a special prayer against hurricanes said in Puerto Rico by order of the Bishop.

Weathermen are not agreed on the cause of hurricanes. One expert has said that even a ship afire in the doldrums might be enough to cause a circulation of air that would be the seed of a violent hurricane. The hurricanes that strike our Atlantic coast are born in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea. They are whirling windstorms that often spread out 1,000 miles. You might compare a hurricane to a revolving phonograph record passing over a map. The terrific gales spin round the heart of the hurricane, as the record spins round the central spoke.

Though the rain caused by a hurricane in a day usually exceeds a normal

*Mount St. Albans, Esopus, N. Y. November, 1945.

month's rainfall, it is really the wind that causes the damage. The nearer you approach the heart of a hurricane the more furious the wind's velocity; 150 miles an hour is not uncommon. You appreciate the damage of this terrific wind speed only when you realize that the damage wrought on New York and the Atlantic City area was caused by winds of half that velocity. Experts claim that the power generated by the Miami hurricane of 1926, if it could have been put to work, would have run every motor in the world for 20 years.

One strange feature about hurricanes is the so-called "eye" of the storm. This is the very center round which the terrific wind revolves. Within this small center the wind dies down to almost a calm. Generally the rain ceases, the sky clears, and to all indications the storm is over. But this is only an intermission. For as soon as the center passes, the wind begins to howl once more, whipping and tearing in the opposite direction.

When a storm is foreseen men can take precautions to protect lives and property. Therefore one of the special aims of the Weather Bureau has been the prognostication of hurricanes.

Until recently, all information of hurricanes at sea came by radio from a few islands in the hurricane's path, such as Puerto Rico. Ship captains, too, sent their warnings. But in September, 1944, when the hurricane began its invasion of the Atlantic coast, the U. S. was at war. For a ship to use its radio would be to invite disaster from enemy submarines. As a result one of the most

interesting developments in weather forecasting came about. Army reconnaissance planes were dispatched to observe the position and intensity of the storm, and radio back all necessary information.

This newly organized weather unit of the Army Air Forces deserves credit for detecting the 1944 hurricane five full days before it hit the coast. Never before did men feel so utterly their helplessness. With all their science, they could do nothing to swerve the storm an inch.

The job of a weather-reconnaissance flier is anything but monotonous. The men not only detect approaching storms; they must fly into the very heart of every storm to obtain information that may save millions of dollars in property and thousands of lives. While the 1944 September hurricane was still in infancy a reconnaissance plane became involved in a gale blowing at 140 miles an hour. Pilot and co-pilot gripping the controls could not keep the plane steady. They expected to crash at any moment, but they made it and returned to base to find 150 rivets sheared off one wing alone.

But Capt. Robert N. Buck of Westfield, N. J., is one flier who really dotes on chasing hurricanes. To him and his crew fair weather is a nuisance, for his job is to fly over storms and see how they look from topside. Captain Buck commands a Flying Fortress weather-research ship for the Army, and with four hurricanes to his credit, he claims that the "safest spot in a hurricane is in the midst of it, provided you're

aboard a plane with all propellers whirling." On the ground you may be trapped by falling trees and flying houses.

Information radioed back from flight is at once transmitted to every weather bureau where there is any possibility of the storm's arrival. A special hurricane teletype network links all the stations along the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic coast from the tip of Florida to Charleston, S. C. To this teletype circuit are also joined the three forecast centers of Miami, Washington, and Boston. All stations on this circuit receive instantaneously any message sent by any station, thus making all hurricane information available in every city without loss of a moment.

This vital information is sent to all local radio stations and newspapers; and warnings are flashed to all threatened areas. As the October, 1944, hurricane was coming to lash Florida, scores of Army and Navy planes were flown to the safety of other states. Hundreds of residents moved into boarded homes, while others jammed lobbies and rented rooms in well-built hotels. Since ships at sea are in the greatest danger, they are the first warned of an approaching hurricane, advised to steer clear of it, or seek safety in the nearest port. Even smaller craft without radios are not overlooked. Special planes fly out, and drop a wooden block painted

with the words "Hurricane Warning."

Yet in spite of all these precautions, it still sometimes happens that a small boat cannot be told in time. Such an incident occurred Sept. 15, 1944. The morning after the vicious storm, a merchant vessel off Narragansett bay sighted a flashing light through the morning mist. Closer observation showed it to be a distress signal from the battered remnants of a sailboat. Huddled on the floor of the boat lay a middle-aged couple half dead. After rescue, they told how they had gone sailing the day before with no knowledge of an approaching storm. Just how their frail craft managed to survive a sea that took toll of a U. S. destroyer, two Coast Guard cutters, a mine sweeper, and a lightship with their crews of 344 men, no one could understand. Perhaps someone was praying for them; as a matter of fact, the two survivors were the parents of a priest.

Today the hurricane is no longer the mysterious terror of the sea that it was 50 years ago. Though the notorious hurricane of September, 1938, and that of September, 1944, were approximately equal in intensity and severity, the damage caused by the latter storm was \$250 million less than that of the first. Likewise the number of deaths along the coast due to the hurricane of 1944 was only 46, compared with a loss of 494 in 1938.

I am glad to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to.

Abraham Lincoln at New Haven, March 6, 1860.

Our Faith and the Footlights

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

Proper propaganda

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

The average Catholic underestimates the importance of the theater. To most, the theater means only entertainment, and too often is judged by such standards as the 8th-grade play in the parish hall, or by the most lately denounced strip-tease musical.

Yet, if properly used, the theater can be a great force for the subtle dissemination of ideas and ideals. Every subversive agency knows this, and has been quick to establish a theater for reaching, and holding, a people. Fascism, nazism, and communism have all made use of a "people's theater" with good results.

The Church, however, to whom the theater rightfully belongs, lags behind. If you have any doubt, think for a minute of the reception given to pictures depicting the philosophy of the Church: *Going My Way*, *Song of Bernadette*, *Keys of the Kingdom*, and a dozen other films shining with Catholicism. They have all been successful because they brought to soul-weary, bewildered men and women something true and clean and courageous.

It would be wrong to suggest that there has been no attempt to build a Catholic theater. Of recent years there have been several efforts that are signboards toward some ultimate success. There is now a National Catholic The-

ater Conference, as well as two groups which find and produce plays to present before audiences conscious of the Catholic way of life.

For those not conversant with the history of the theater it might be well to point out that it is one of the oldest of the pagan arts. It began with dances and pantomimes which were really prayers of thanksgiving or supplications. These were later developed into dramatic form and flourished through Greek and Roman civilizations, reaching a high point during the years when the Greek citizens enjoyed great historical tragedies.

Degenerate and materialistic Rome allowed the drama to fall below the levels of decency, and even a public accustomed to the circus spectacles would not patronize the theater as it existed under the later Caesars.

For years there was no theater; for early Christians recalled the drama as it had existed under Rome, and considered it evil. Then about the 6th century, the theater was revived on an altar. It was the great age of conversion, and priests used dramatic interludes to teach the birth, life and passion of our Lord. The Mass always has been the greatest drama imaginable, and to that Sacrifice was added, on special occasions, simple dialogue illustrated by tableaux. The people be-

**St. Benedict, Ore., November, 1945.*

gan to look forward to such days, and the dialogues were expanded into plays. Interest was so great that crowds assembled, and the "plays" were moved to the steps of churches, and, later, to specially built stages in market places.

During the next 400 years dramas played an important part in the cultural awakening of Europe. They took three forms: mystery plays, dealing with the mystical life of Christ; miracle plays which depicted Biblical characters or early martyrs, nearly always showing Lucifer overcome by prayer and good works; and morality plays, which were allegories, having characters that personified charity, sin, gluttony, joy, theft, all human virtues and failings. Perhaps the most popular of these was *Everyman*, which became popular in England during the 14th century, and is still occasionally performed.

Authors of the early dramas were priests, Brothers or nuns, and the first players were priests, Brothers or acolytes. Later, laymen were called in, but the writing stayed with the Religious. Several popular plays were the work of a Benedictine nun, Hrotsvitha, who lived in Saxony during the 10th century. The plays were extremely human, often rugged. They had comic interludes, often a great deal of action. The great Spanish miracle or morality plays dealt with situations still easily recognized by an unlettered audience.

One of the greatest of the mystery plays is *Los Pastores*, the shepherds' play, still performed in Spain, Latin America, and our own Southwest. It is

the story of the birth of Christ, but one of the leading characters is the lazy and always hungry Bartolo. He is the clown of the shepherds, and his young wife is constantly scolding him. He wants to sleep even when it is time to approach the crib, and there is a rough-house as the other shepherds drag him to the manger. But once Bartolo is there, he utters a most beautiful prayer. On such human characters early Catholic writers built their plays.

Almost inevitably the success of morality plays led to writing historical dramas. One of the earliest was a life of King John, written by Bishop Bale of England, and there is a record of a play about Joan of Arc performed in France soon after her death.

The Reformation curtailed the creation of miracle plays. Catholic tradition carried over with some writers, notably Shakespeare, who may or may not have practiced the faith, but who certainly injected Catholic philosophy into his work. In Spain the Catholic theater lasted longest, and from Spain America got the first Catholic plays.

The fact that the Catholic theater has existed in this country for nearly 350 years is amazing news to the average person. The padres who traveled up from Mexico tucked scripts of mystery and miracle plays and an occasional historical drama into their saddlebags, and in July, 1598, before Boston was a cowpath, the colonists who accompanied Onate's expedition to New Mexico performed *Los Moros*, or *The Moors and the Christians*, near the pueblo of San Juan. This play was

chosen chiefly because it is acted on horseback and shows the Christians driving the Moors out of Spain. The shrewd padres felt it might impress the Indians they hoped to convert. It did. It impressed them so greatly that *Los Moros* is one of the favorite fiesta plays of the Southwest, still frequently performed by an all-Indian cast.

Apart from the Southwest, however, the Catholic drama played no part in the early cultural development of the U. S. When schools were opened the good Sisters undoubtedly had concerts and tableaux at Christmas and Easter, but there was no Catholic note in the slowly growing commercial theater. During the last 50 or 60 years notable actors and actresses have been Catholics; but in playwriting Catholicism was limited to the occasional introduction of a priest, who was more likely to have been used for dramatic effect than for philosophy.

This situation has changed during the last 25 years, and the commercial theater has presented *Shadow and Substance*, *The Joyous Season*, *Cradle Song*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, *First Legion*, *Father Malachy's Miracle*, *Embezzled Heaven*, and others. What is even more important is that at least two groups are earnestly attempting to find new plays that will prove equally acceptable to the Church and the commercial theater. One is the New York chapter of the Blackfriars' Guild, the other the drama department of the Catholic University in Washington.

The Blackfriars' Guild was started at the Catholic University by Fathers

Urban Nagle and Thomas F. Carey, both Dominicans.

"We started in the hope that we could stimulate the writing of worthwhile plays devoted to the Catholic tradition," says Father Nagle, who is himself a gifted playwright, as those know who have seen or read his prize-winning play *Barter*, or his *Savona-rola*.

"That does not mean," he continues, "that we are interested only in religious plays. Blackfriars was dedicated to production of plays, new plays if possible, which would prove good entertainment. We have always welcomed comedies, also plays that dealt with real problems, as long as they had an underlying Catholic philosophy. We have always aimed at a standard high enough to satisfy the commercial theater and bring about a sale to the movies."

Such aims appealed to groups in all parts of the U. S. and before the war there were more than 20 active chapters, the latest being the one established in New York just before Pearl Harbor. The war hampered growth, but did not end it. When it is possible to begin again, each chapter will have the inspiration, the experience, of the New York branch.

The story of Blackfriars on Broadway is a romantic success story. Fathers Carey and Nagle had been transferred to New York, and when they were close enough to Broadway to smell the printer's ink on billboards they felt they must make an effort to inject a Catholic note into the commercial the-

ater. They had to have a playhouse where they could present new plays enacted by talented persons anxious to be seen by critics and managers.

After what Father Carey terms "our praying and walking era," a small theater was found on West 57th St. It wasn't properly equipped, but during the summer of 1941 the Fathers bought, built or were given all the electrical equipment, scenery, and furniture requisite for a good production. A play was found, *Up the Rebels*, a story of Ireland by Sean Vincent; a professional director volunteered; a cast was assembled and rehearsals started.

The first New York performance was in October, 1941, with three dramatic critics present. The reaction of Bide Dudley was typical. He wrote: "I went to Blackfriars expecting to find an amateurish effort. Instead I found a well-written play, well-acted, well-directed, with enough substance to make anyone think."

That was the start. The reaction of the critics to the first production was sufficient to interest others, and since then each presentation has had the attention, if not the approbation, of all the critics in New York. The chapter has given excellent productions of 15 plays, including John Drinkwater's *A Man's House*; Felix Doherty's *Song Out of Sorrow*, based on the life of Francis Thompson; *Savonarola*; *Tinker's Dam*; *Caukey*, a story of interracial problems; *Career Angel*, a comedy in which a guardian angel decided to help out with the problems of a boys' school; and *Home Is the Hero*, deal-

ing with wives at work while husbands are overseas. All have been "firsts" in New York.

In addition to finding such plays, which are now available to Catholic groups, Blackfriars has been the springboard for several players now in plays or movies. Burton Rascoe, critic of the New York *World-Telegram*, selected Virginia Dwyer, who played the lead in *Home Is the Hero*, as runner-up for the best female performance in a principal role during the 1944-45 season.

Because the productions are discussed in Catholic as well as secular circles, Blackfriars is attracting men and women who are unfamiliar with the spoken stage. One famous Blackfriars' story is of a young spectator so unfamiliar with the ways of the theater that when she arrived late and was told that the performance had started, calmly remarked, "Oh, that's all right, we'll just wait for the next show."

No better gauge of success can be made than the reports that the first show, *Up the Rebels*, was announced for three performances and was forced to give a fourth, and that such recent productions as *Career Angel* and *Home Is the Hero* have played to capacity for weeks.

The two men who started Blackfriars were also responsible for the drama department of the Catholic University, which, under the guidance of Father Hartke, also a Dominican, has become one of the two great proving grounds for Catholic plays and players. Father Hartke has encouraged such young writers as Walter Kerr and Leo

Brady, and has sent at least one success to the commercial theater, the revue *Sing Out Sweet Land*, which was done during the 1944-45 season by the Theater Guild both in New York and on tour.

The Catholic Theater Conference now has headquarters in New York. It has been estimated that before the war there were approximately 2,400 theater units in this country. They include semiprofessional little-theater guilds in such large cities as Detroit, San Francisco, Richmond, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Pittsburgh, as well as groups in Catholic high schools and colleges.

The Conference started in 1937, and has grown each year, with a membership both of groups and individuals. At the opening session of the first conference a speaker urged that greater emphasis be placed on physical production of plays sponsored by Catholic groups, pointing out that it was hardly feasible to demand that Catholic playwrights turn out more plays when it was impossible for the writers to see their work properly presented. The result has been a larger attendance at the summer departments of drama in Catholic colleges, seminars, and region-

al conferences, and a constant exchange of ideas. Another result has been more new plays.

A monthly calendar which contains suggestions and information regarding the staging of plays is sent to all members of the Conference. The Conference has a well-stocked lending library so that directors may borrow plays and study them before deciding on a production. The national office handles inquiries from every part of the country, and has been able to obtain substantial royalty reductions.

Other groups are working toward higher standards for the Catholic theater; regional groups, such as the Catholic Dramatic Movement of Milwaukee, and the Catholic Actors Guild of America, established in New York in 1914, and also similar guilds in Chicago and Los Angeles, have not only cared for the spiritual and temporal welfare of Catholics in the theater, but have kept the commercial theater aware of the philosophy for which the Catholic theater stands.

They came to us from the altar, those first Catholic plays, and it seems not only right, but imperative, that the Church should use this method of teaching her philosophy.



Together

We are hearing a lot about the race problem today, much of it angry and a great deal of it sad. The one certain thing about it was said by a great Alabama educator a good many years ago. He was the Negro, Booker T. Washington, who told us the only way the white is going to keep the Negro in the ditch is to stay there with him. It's a rule which is not merely racial. Ye shall all stay poor together in the South or all be richer together.

Jonathan Daniels in the *News and Observer*, quoted in *St. Augustine's Messenger* (Nov. '45).

The Truth About Trade Unionism

By WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J.

Why workers see red

Condensed from *Crown Heights Comment**

The untouchables of the past can stand a reminder that they are still penitents, even as they push their chairs a little closer to the industrial peace table. All antipathy to the principle of unionization has not yet been dissolved. The campaign against the right of foremen to organize may well conceal the hidden weapon indirectly aimed at unionism itself.

The necessity of restating some of the less pleasant phases of the past rests on the same logic and is found in the same premises that impel us to look on union activities of today in the light of conditions that once were acute. There is a continuity of thought, tradition, and temperament among those whose first interest in enterprise is financial, economic power, just as the lives of present-day workers are linked by cause and effect to what has happened in other years. A quick glance at some of the accepted means that were used in pre-Wagner Act days to prevent establishment of trade unionism will indicate the ordinary dispositions of the industrial wizards toward trade unionism. It will indicate likewise the disease from which representatives of the vested interests are now, presumably, recovering, and what perhaps they might do to make reparation in kind.

For many a moon after the inven-

tion of machinery and its introduction to the world, any united effort or activity of employees to better their working conditions, to raise wages or shorten hours, was considered a conspiracy against the common good, a disturbance of the peace, and a violation of the laws of the land. Men went to jail with rather consistent regularity for daring to concoct such nefarious schemes. A picket line in protest against flagrant injustices, regardless of the merits of the case, was looked upon as a particularly advanced symbol of revolutionary tendencies and promptly suppressed by hurried injunctions from the nearest courtroom.

In time, through heroically persistent efforts by militant unionists, legislators were persuaded of the absurdity of the charge of conspiracy, and picketing gradually came into the category of parades, election primaries, and football rallies, which were looked upon as necessary nuisances, sometimes by the workers themselves.

Newer techniques of antiunionism continued to prosper with undercover but deadly efficiency. They were designed "to keep labor in its place." The yellow-dog contract, with its despicable demand that no employee could enjoy the privilege of a job unless he signed away his God-given right to join a trade union, was widely prevalent. A

*1150 Carroll St., Brooklyn, 25, N. Y. Oct. 23, 1945.

thorough listing of suspects was made and the names of union sympathizers placed on a blacklist. Those rolls of dishonor rotated from employer to employer as occasion for discrimination presented itself. They were streamlined sucker lists that insured the preservation of the American dynasty of industrial imperialism. To make certainty doubly sure, millions of dollars were expended and thousands of socially moronic stooges were hired from private detective agencies as labor spies to sabotage any incipient rise of the dread evil of unionism within the plants. On labor matters the daily press was under control of the money magnates, with very few exceptions.

The legislators, the courts, including the Supreme Court of the U. S., wittingly or unwittingly, did the bidding of the rulers of the trusts and the corporations. It took more than 100 years for so simple a statute as the one legalizing the natural right of organization to be put upon our law books. Company unionism was a capitalistic virtue, one of the cardinal virtues of the religion of Big Business. The man of money was the high priest; the worker, the humble preserver of the sacred cows. Bribery of union officials was a sanctimonious rite that implemented the service of the labor spies, the keepers of the blacklists, and the servile press. Future generations were formed in the proper framework of the "American" way by propaganda in the school-books of the nation; and the extracurricular pamphlets, slides, and slogans of "free" enterprise, that was about as

free as a Japanese roll-ball game at Coney Island, were widely distributed.

All this might sound like the rancid ranting of a frustrated radical if we were not keenly conscious of the fact that *legal* trade unionism in America is less than ten years old. Although for almost 100 years before passage of the Wagner Act it was not illegal to form a labor union, neither was it illegal to defeat that objective by almost any means that might come into the mind of a maliciously antagonistic opponent. Many a workman even of this day bears a psychological, if not some physical, mark of the outcome of his imprudent demands for ordinary justice.

Strikes were frowned upon by a socially-illiterate public. Many were terminated by the improper use of the state militia, local police, brass-knuckle-bearing strike breakers, and an application of the "Mohawk-valley formula." This latter technique was a publicity ruse of George Rand, calculated to rouse the community affected by a strike to a high pitch of holy indignation in defense of the broken-hearted protectors of the corporation's purse. They were usually on the verge of being reduced to the miserly enjoyment of their last couple of millions, two yachts, and one cellarful of champagne. Of such environment was born the type of labor leader who *had* to be "tough" to survive.

Most of those days are in the dim past. But not all. As these lines are written, thousands of miners in Pennsylvania are out on a four-week strike in a pitiful effort to have a recognized

doctor established as a resident in the company-owned town; to have a place to brush their teeth and wash the faces of their children elsewhere than in a rain barrel outside the kitchen door of their dilapidated shacks; to have some place to throw their garbage and drain their sewage away apart from the wells from which they drink. An exceptional case today, one may say, and not the rule. It is a real fact nonetheless, which has its counterpart in other ways in other places. The millennium has not yet come. Nor were there any clear signs of it ten years ago when millions of dollars were spent in a vain effort to defeat the Wagner Act before it became law, millions more to hamper its functioning once it had been enacted, and millions more to have it repealed after it had been placed upon the statute books.

Ten years have taught the big moguls of industry many things about unionism that they never knew before. Some of the lessons have been salutary; some profitable neither to the nation, to industry, nor to the trade-union movement itself. We have been passing through a painful and costly transition period. We have been paid in deflated dividends for the counterfeit invest-

ments of prejudice and paternalism and protracted antagonism that we had dumped into the treasury of the common welfare in place of honesty and justice and mutual acceptance of rights and duties. The afflictions of the next ten years will be even worse, if we have a return of the spirit and policy of antiunionism that followed the first World War. Industrial health and economic peace can be enjoyed only when the majority of men are ready and willing to submit to the divine truth that *all* men are *men* and *every man* is entitled to *all* the rights, benefits, and privileges that God intended for His human children when He made them.

America has the resources and capacities to provide every citizen willing to work with the means of a decent livelihood. She has the talent to plan an economy that would assure such a boon. It has been denied to millions in the past because of a social philosophy that has preferred things to persons. Power and privilege have been clothed with a tinselled halo of respectability, and want and human needs have been lost in the shadows of an eclipse that cut off the rays of the sun of justice.

Poor Tommy

Well, that Boston tomcat whose owner died last year and left him \$40,000 didn't live long to enjoy the money. He died a few days ago, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the inheritance was to blame. You can buy an awful lot of catnip for \$40,000.

Nobody knows what will happen to the money now, for he was a careless sort of cat and didn't leave a will.

Gracie Allen in the *St. Paul Dispatch* (21 Nov. '45).

The Kachins of Burma

By LT. COL. COREY FORD and MAJ. ALASTAIR MacBAIN

Condensed from *Collier's**

Jungle people fight back

It happened on a strafing mission in north Burma. Jap ack-ack hit the engine of his P-40 and set it afire. He was too low to jump; all he could do was belly-land the airplane in a jungle clearing of elephant grass, climb out, and hit the ground running. His one hope was to put enough distance between himself and that seething Jap bivouac half a mile away. He made the edge of the jungle at last—his lungs about to burst—and paused to listen.

As he watched intently, the blades parted and he saw the woolly head of a purposeful-looking native emerge. He plunged wildly into the jungle.

Hour after hour he hurtled through bamboo thickets, floundered to his hips in black muck to throw off his pursuer. He knew he was in head-hunter country, knew the price the Japanese had put on American fliers' heads.

He came to the bank of a swift river and leaped in, heedless of crocodiles. As he reached the opposite shore and clambered onto a sand bar, he saw his relentless pursuer emerge from the bushes and scamper lightly across the river on a fallen tree trunk. He hauled himself forward again, tripping over roots, crawling on his hands and knees. His lungs ached with each breath, his strength was gone. A twig snapped directly behind him. He turned like a cornered animal.

The Kachin halted a few feet away, holding out a square of cardboard. On it, the dazed pilot read: "Follow this guide. He will lead you to safety." Nonchalantly, the native handed him the pistol he had dropped, and motioned him to come along.

They reached the rescue camp two days later; and he looked on a scene which hundreds of other American fliers, forced down in the Burma jungles, had gazed at with equally incredulous and grateful eyes. Neat straw-thatched *bashas*, a mess hall, and a well-equipped hospital were grouped around the square dirt compound. American GIs in strangely assorted dress, some with bright-colored *longyi* skirts wrapped around their naked waists, others wearing nothing but a pair of combat boots, mingled with armed Kachin hillsmen, many in the uniform of the Burma Rifles.

There were doctors, Protestant and Catholic missionaries, British soldiers from Wingate's Special Force, even a few Japanese, loyal Nisei Americans, with the unit as interpreters. Mortars, bazookas, crates of ammunition were stacked beneath a camouflage net of woven vines. An L-5 Cub plane was warming up at one end of the dry rice paddy.

This was the top-secret headquarters of Detachment 101: a special opera-

* 250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. Oct. 20, 1945.

tional unit of the Office of Strategic Services. In the fall of 1942, shortly after General Stilwell took his licking and led his troops in ignominious retreat to Assam, the first planeload of 20 Americans had parachuted from the door of a C-47 into that green hell of hostile jungle. Their leader was burly Col. Carl Eifler, a former chief of the U. S. Treasury's Mexican Border Patrol. All they had was a gun apiece and an idea. That idea was to make friends with the proud warrior Kachins, establish themselves as leaders, and direct the naked jungle army in a guerrilla campaign of raids and ambush against the million Japanese in Burma.

Their plan was not so quixotic as it sounded. For nine years a legendary character named Father James Stuart, a missionary priest,* had roamed the wild Burmese hinterland, a battered Gurkha hat shoved back on his head and a .45 at his belt, talking the Kachin language with a thick Irish brogue.

The Kachins revered him as a kind of personal Pope, getting down on their knees to kiss his hand as he passed. At Myitkyina he had seen his parishioners tortured and killed, had led the remains of his pitiful band north to the refugee camp at Sumprabum, and there told the Japanese major bluntly, "I want medicine and food. I'm taking care of these people. You've got to help me." Even the Japanese did not dare refuse.

Father Stuart had given the pioneer O.S.S. unit positive assurance that a

*Of St. Columban's Society. He went to Burma in 1936.

quarter of a million fighting Kachins were just waiting for someone to supply them with equipment and leadership. Many natives had put in tours of duty in the old British-led Burma Rifles, and the prospect of being outfitted with modern weapons and scarce luxury items, such as tobacco, sweets, and salt, brought recruits by the thousands.

The handful of Americans soon found themselves at the head of a formidable army of the world's craftiest jungle fighters. Father Stuart stayed on as interpreter and adviser, screening the natives, advising the O.S.S. leaders on tribal eccentricities. The fighting priest was a host unto himself: mild-voiced, unafraid, calm. He lost his temper only once, the legend goes: when a Chinese servant stole his false teeth.

The Kachins are all born fighters. When a group of rangers set out to ambush a Jap patrol, everyone in the village insisted on coming along, the older men hobbling in their wake with flintlocks and muzzle loaders. The women, caught up in the holiday spirit, would cook an elaborate feast of sambar deer and monkey meat, and serve it piping hot at the front lines.

They took to our modern weapons with all the enthusiasm of a small boy with his first bicycle, and their adaptability was a constant source of amazement even to the mechanically-minded American GI. In the dirt compound of the 101 Headquarters, enlisted men from Chicago, Boston, and Brooklyn worked day after day teaching their nimble-fingered allies to assemble ma-

chine guns and bazookas, or locking bare arms with a tattooed hillsman in rough-and-tumble fighting or Judo.

One Texan, a former cowboy, rigged up a swinging harness in a tree and instructed the natives in parachute jumping. Teaching them proved unexpectedly easy; 70 years ago an American missionary had penetrated those hills and given the Kachins their first written language. Today their alphabet is identical with ours, and learning radio transmission was as simple as ABC.

In return, the Kachins showed our own GIs some tricks. They taught the Americans to eat termites and little white bees and strange jungle herbs which were boiled in a pot for hours but which, the GIs insisted, tasted terrible. They demonstrated the proper way to steal an elephant, the traditional Burma jungle tractor, from the middle of a Japanese encampment. They tutored their American instructors in their own secret weapon, the dreaded *panji*: two-foot bamboo slivers sharpened to a point and planted by the tens of thousands alongside the trail, slanting in the direction of an approaching enemy. When a patrol was ambushed, the Nips would dive headlong into the thicket and impale themselves.

Soon the silent army had spread over all Burma, harassing the Japanese relentlessly along a 600-mile front. When the dense jungle foliage made air reconnaissance impossible, they provided the only means of spotting targets: an ammo dump, a concealed storage depot, a cleverly constructed bridge whose surface was a couple of inches under water, making it invisible from the air. More than 80% of all Tenth Air Force combat missions were planned on the basis of Kachin intelligence.

One agent, slipping like a shadow through the Japanese lines, took up a position on a hilltop overlooking the Myitkyina airport, and radioed hourly reports on the flow of enemy planes to and from the field. Another scout secured a job with the Nips as contractor on the railroad, traveled unchallenged to Mandalay and back, turned in detailed intelligence to 101 Headquarters on Japanese warehouses and rolling stock. In two and a half years, their cat-footed scouts killed 5,000 of the enemy, disrupted transportation, cut communication lines.

"Without your organization," General Stilwell told O.S.S. bluntly, "it would have been impossible for us to proceed."



A poet was being reproached for spending valuable time composing poems when he could have been more usefully (according to his tormentor) employed in, well, for instance, cooking. Angered by the poet's continued silence, his tormentor broke forth with, "Well, don't you think a cook is more important than a poet?" The poet considered a moment. "I dare say there isn't a dog in town who wouldn't agree with you."

From American Cookery.

Frankie Learns Catechism

By VELMA NIEBERDING

He wouldn't come quietly

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal**

We were not utterly unprepared for it. All winter and spring I had noted a faint air of reproach in Father's sermons as he hinted at our responsibility as parents and our duty of having the children properly instructed in at least the fundamentals of the faith. You have to live in a non-Catholic community where a nun on the street can practically stop traffic before you appreciate what a parochial school does. Anyhow, just as public school closed, Father announced that the nuns would be in town for six weeks to instruct the children in catechism.

The news was not without reverberations. Frankie was seven and he had never been formally introduced to a catechism. Furthermore, at this early age he looks upon learning with suspicion. There are so many other things he would rather do than study. His two brothers had vacations planned and he wanted a vacation, too.

But Frankie's orientation in metaphysics was not without interest. The first week was deceptively uneventful. Every morning I presented Frankie to Sister Cecilia, freshly scrubbed and clothed, somewhat in the manner of his contemporaries. Special attention had been given to strategic areas such as belt fastenings, buttons and shoelaces, the places where he comes apart. Shirttails he wears in or out accord-

ing to mood; they were just ignored.

When questioned delicately about his progress, he said, "Oh, Sister says, 'Who made us,' and we say 'God'—little baby questions like that"—or "I have lost my catechism book and Sister says I must have another."

Along about the third week it became apparent that a mild miracle had occurred. The Sisters had made a gentleman out of Frankie. What parental example and lectures by teachers imbued with child psychology had failed to do, they accomplished in one fell swoop. They did it with medals.

It began when Frankie named accurately and chronologically the seven sacraments, and was publicly commended, not only for this but for being (accidentally) the neatest boy in class that day. With cunning sagacity, Sister combined the material and the aesthetic, and clinched the deal by handing him a medal with St. Francis on one side and St. Anthony on the other. Those being his patron saints, he was not only edified but his collective instinct was aroused. For a while thereafter his chief interest in life was acquiring holy medals.

But Sister Cecilia apparently dealt out medals with restraint. Just knowing today's lesson was not enough; he had to remember all previous lessons and in addition had to consider his per-

*220 37th St., Pittsburgh, 1, Pa. November, 1945.

sonal appearance. The latter counted heavily with Sister. Not only must raiment be clean; it must be conventionally adorned with buttons, which are allergic to Frankie. They spring provocatively from his grasp and during moments of stress are not to be contained on or about him. Fingernails in mourning did not appeal to Sister; in fact, they made her shudder, and as for hair, after I had worried for seven years trying to keep that forelock out of his eyes I sat back with a great deal of interest to see what *she* could do about it.

Frankie, imbued with inspiration, now went at catechism with grimness and dispatch. We spent only about 90% of our time helping him. His surface appearance meant such a flurry of bathing, teeth scrubbing, and hair brushing that his older brothers regarded him with admiration bordering on respect. They even loaned him old ties and surreptitiously added some of their own medals to his collection.

By the end of the fourth week he exceeded our wildest expectations. Just to see him start out, shoes gleaming like mirrors, every recalcitrant hair in place, ears irreproachable, gave me a slight shock. I was once in an Oklahoma tornado and I remembered the breathless calm when you were just sure that at any moment now something would pop.

It popped. Sister had a general review. Pride goeth before a fall and the Holy Trinity was the stumbling block in Frankie's path of glory.

It seems that my little catechumen

was the star of the class. Besides being the youngest, he answered the most questions and said the Hail Mary the loudest. (His standing among his associates was further enhanced by his ability to spit between his teeth.)

Sister Cecilia wanted to impress the priest with her class of First Communicants. Father is always willing to be impressed and, to the delight of the children, he came over that morning to conduct the quiz.

Everything went according to schedule. Then, *in re* Holy Trinity, Father asked Frankie, "How many Gods are there?"

"Three," said Frankie after a moment's deliberation.

Richey Bennett promptly waved his hand in frantic denial. Father nodded in his direction.

"One," said Richey with a smirk at Frank.

Frankie glared at him. Richey was a sad sack, he thought, with only two medals to his name.

"Three," he insisted stubbornly and without having received permission to speak.

Father halted the quiz and went into detailed explanation. He told the story of St. Barnabas and the coin to illustrate one-in-three. He presented the shamrock as the standard example. Frankie only stared at him with a baffled look.

Sister Cecilia, not knowing my son's habit of drawing his own deductions at times, was flustered and a bit irate. Frankie was the last child she would have suspected of flying in the face of

spiritual authority. He had taken everything so literally that when told his guardian angel stood at the head of his bed all night he had thoughtfully provided a chair for him to sit in while he slept.

When class was dismissed Frankie had to go to the blackboard and write, "There is one God in three divine Persons." He wrote it ten times and he wrote it unconvinced. He came home and cried.

"He takes it after you," said my husband accusingly. "You are always doubting everything you read and trying to make people back up their statements with facts."

"In my wildest periods of nonconformity," I retorted, "I never dreamed of questioning the Catechism of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore."

My husband looked at me without comment and picked up the evening paper. It was his way of averting a domestic crisis.

We were not finished with the Holy Trinity.

That evening, Frankie and his bosom friend, Tommy, were engaged in an aerial warfare with plastic B-29's. While they bombed an ant hill out of existence, I overheard the following conversation:

"How many Gods do *you* say there is?" asked Frankie.

"You tryin' to pull some of that catechism stuff on me?" inquired Tommy brightly. He is not a Catholic.

Frankie gave his belt a hitch and I perceived that the role of little gentleman was beginning to tire him.

"I asked you a question," he said with dignity, but his lower lip stuck out, indicating determination, "just a simple question."

Tommy is a cheerful soul, not given to introspection. He shrugged and said, "Then I'll tell you, you dumb bunny. There is just one God! Anybody knows that, even little, bittie kids in the first grade know it."

"Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," commented Frankie, not without menace in his tone, "make three."

Tommy pondered this and answered, "God is the Father, Jesus is His little boy, and the Holy Ghost," he finished triumphantly, "is What sat on the Apostles when their tongues were on fire."

"The Holy Ghost never sat on anybody," howled Frankie, and slugged without warning. All the pent-up frustration of the day went into that swing but Tommy met him with the zeal of a crusader fighting for his faith. I rushed out and, not without risk, separated the once-bosom companions, now parted on that most bitter of issues, religion. Only by a brace of ice-cream cones was truce effected. The bombardment of the ant hill was lackadaisically resumed. Presently Tommy went on home and Frankie scuffed glumly into the house. He went to his room and regarded his medals, displayed there in proud array on his bookcase. I thought perhaps he was counting them over in terms of soap and shoe polish. He was very sober.

Somewhat later, his father took him for a walk. Men being the secretive lot

they are, I never quite knew what philosophy was expounded or discussed. But Frankie was his radiant, bouncing self when he said his night prayers, and he asked if he might invite Tommy to the picnic the Sisters were giving for the class the next day. I said I thought I could manage enough sandwiches.

If there is anything more delightful than a group of youngsters on a picnic, I don't know what it is. The mothers who were promoting the project were present to transport the youngsters to the picnic grounds and to serve the food at the appropriate time. They silently offered up prayers of thanksgiving for the good work of Sister Cecilia, meanwhile dishing out potato salad with one hand and fishing Johnnie from the creek with the other.

Tommy, one eye still faintly dark from yesterday's religious encounter, sat beside me on the way home. "You

know," he told me seriously, "there seems to be something to this catechism business. I may even study it some day."

"That will be fine, Tommy," I said.

Frankie, sunburned and tired, yawned among the picnic paraphernalia on the back seat. "I'm sorry I hit you, Tommy," he said. "Because I found out I was wrong. My daddy told me, and my daddy," he added with pride, "knows everything."

"What did he tell you?" asked Tommy.

"That there is one God in three divine Persons," said Frankie. "Now if Sister had explained it *that* way I would've understood right off."

"Yeah," Tommy agreed drowsily, "You can't beat your dad for information. He's right on the beam, ain't he?"

But my budding catechist was sound asleep, his head in a dish of hard-boiled eggs.



Whose Side

The *Daily Worker* is demanding a more rapid demobilization of the U.S. Army and Navy, particularly a rapid return of American soldiers from Europe. The paper also denounced the plan of President Truman for universal military training in the U.S. It is true that there are many arguments on both sides of the question of universal military training, but the significant point in the communist opposition is this: the *Daily Worker* has not condemned the proposed plan of Russia to have universal compulsory military training beginning at the age of 15; nor has it demanded a speedy demobilization of the Russian Army, which is now the largest in the world; nor has it advocated for Russia the defense system that it demands for the U.S., namely, a small volunteer Army and Navy.

William Labodie in the *Shield* (Dec. '45).

Task of Woman in the Modern World

By JANET KALVEN

Her work is never done

Condensed from the *Study Guide**

"The important thing for a country is that the men should be manly, the women womanly." This comment by Chesterton embodies a fundamental principle of social order.

The deepest difference among human beings, far more fundamental than any difference in intelligence, nation or race, is the difference of sex. "And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him; male and female He created them." This basic difference is not merely physical but also psychological, coloring the total personality. In the whole range of her being, her mind, senses, emotions, will, interests, and reactions, woman differs profoundly from man.

Man and woman are made to complement each other at every point. Man's capacity for theory, for forming an abstract and comprehensive view, is matched by woman's practical sense and gift for detail. Man's ambition and self-assertion which spur him on to great achievement must be balanced by the creative power of woman's spirit of sacrifice and self-surrender. Man's ability for leadership and desire for power must be tempered by woman's spirit of love and selfless devotion.

The undue predominance of either masculine or feminine qualities in a

culture creates profound disturbances which reverberate throughout the entire social structure. Western European civilization under the influence of Protestantism, rationalism, liberalism, and other secularizing trends, has become progressively more masculine in the last four centuries. Ours is a culture of the self-assertion of man: of man's reason and scientific method in the intellectual sphere; of man's will to power and conquest in business and world affairs; of man's independence of God in all aspects of life. In our time we need women who will help restore the social equilibrium by creating a vital current of the great womanly virtues: the spirit of love, compassion for the suffering, generous self-sacrifice.

There are two poles, two principles in human nature. Father Gerald Van, O.P., in his recent book, *The Heart of Man*, distinguishes these two basic tendencies as "*man the maker*" and "*man the lover*." Both principles are present to some extent in every human being, but man the maker is realized more perfectly in man; man the lover in woman. It is the maker who asserts, who imposes his will on his surroundings. The race takes its forward motion along the way of organization and invention from him. It is the lover who gives, who yields his own will, and

*Of the American Institute of Socio-Political Thought, 340 N. Main St., South Bend, Ind. July, 1945.

gladly surrenders not only his will but his very self to the beloved.

Mankind has always recognized that love plays a far greater role in woman's life than in man's. Every woman finds in her own heart the deep desire to surrender herself completely in love. Woman is by nature total in her giving; love absorbs her whole being. Byron was expressing the common experience of mankind when he wrote:

*Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.*

The lover's surrender opens the way for the action of God's grace in the world. "The world can be moved by the strength of man, but it can be blessed in the real sense of the word only in the sign of woman," writes Gertrude von Le Fort. It is first of all to our Lady that these words apply. In her, the universal mission of woman the lover was fulfilled most completely. Her *fiat* was the perfect expression of the creature's whole-souled surrender to the Creator; through her surrender the fullness of blessing entered into the world.

Through her relation to "man the maker," woman exercises a strong spiritual influence on the whole of a culture. Man leaves the imprint of his personality in the creation of his mind—works of science and art, monumental buildings and commercial empires. But woman's masterpiece is life itself. She is not interested in abstract or technical achievements, but in persons and in bringing persons to God. She stays in the background, the great inspirer,

whose warm sympathy and encouragement spur man on. Intuitively she perceives what is noblest in his proposals and helps to develop it. In the life of every great man one finds this vital influence of a noble woman: Monica and Augustine, Paula and Jerome, Scholastica and Benedict, Clare and Francis, Blanche of Castile and King Louis, Clothilde and Clovis, Beatrice and Dante. Woman's influence is subtle and hard to define but nonetheless real. When she no longer fulfills her role as spiritual mother, culture becomes gross, materialistic, brutal, and loses grace and beauty.

There are three spheres in which woman can carry out her primary task: religious life, marriage, and single life in the world. In the designs of God's providence, some women in every generation, the "first fruits," are meant to consecrate themselves to God in religion; most women are called to dedicate themselves to Him in marriage; and a very few are intended for the life of the unmarried woman in the world. But in any instance her essential function remains the same: to be the living example of the spirit of surrender and love, the spiritual mother of mankind.

The virgin consecrated to God by her vow of chastity has always been regarded with highest honor in Christian civilization. Consecrated virginity diffuses throughout society a fragrant atmosphere of purity and spiritual integrity which contributes to preserve the sanctity of marriage and the dignity of womanhood. The greater respect and esteem shown to virginity

in a society, the higher the position of all women will be. It is significant that the Protestant revolt, which has had so many unfortunate consequences for the position of woman, began with Luther's attacks on virginity and his liquidation of convents and monasteries.

The young woman who has found her life vocation in marriage and gives herself wholly to the task of bringing her family to God is a mature person, whatever her age. She will have that air of serenity which is the sign of the basic fulfillment of her being. The woman who has never surrendered wholeheartedly to any purpose outside herself remains immature all her life, like a bud which never unfolds itself. In marriage, woman develops a spirit of selflessness which makes her dedication deeper and richer with the years. Her service to her family both expresses her love of God and increases her power of loving. The woman who has no outlet for her love, no one for whom she can spend herself, is apt to become hard, bitter, and selfish. The woman who is constantly concerned with the needs of her family unfolds the qualities of love, tenderness, and unselfish devotion, which make her truly great and truly happy.

Further, the responsibilities of family life exercise all woman's mental powers. Providing for the family develops woman's natural inventiveness. It is to the ingenuity of women intent on meeting family needs that we owe discovery of many of the most important arts: horticulture, weaving, pot-

tery, basketry, food preparation and preservation, and the use of medicinal herbs in healing.

Physically, too, marriage and child-bearing represent a development and completion for the normal woman, giving her new beauty and vitality. With the birth of each child the mother of a large family experiences a physical fulfillment which gives her fresh vigor. Dr. Alexis Carrell observes that as a rule women attain their full development only after birth of several children. He says in *Man The Unknown*: "Women who have no children are not as well balanced as, and become more nervous than, the others. The importance to woman of the generative function has not been sufficiently recognized. Such function is indispensable to her optimum development. It is therefore absurd to turn women against maternity."

In a well-balanced society, where the family performs all its proper functions, the home is a society in microcosm, presenting all the problems of human relations, all the variety of human activities. The home is at once an economic and industrial center, preparing goods for family use; a school in which the young are introduced to the universe; a sanctuary for rest and relaxation; a temple dedicated to praise of God. It is woman's function to organize and direct this complex undertaking, a role which demands intelligence, talents and spiritual qualities of a high order. Chesterton thus describes the vastness of woman's task in the family:

"To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, banquets, labors, and holidays; to be Whiteley within a certain area, providing toys, boots, sheets, cakes, and books; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching morals, manners, theology, and hygiene: I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I cannot imagine how it could narrow it. How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the Rule of Three and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to everyone, and narrow to be everything to someone? No; a woman's function is laborious, but because it is gigantic, not because it is minute."

One of the greatest of woman's many responsibilities is her task as educator, transmitting the fundamental heritage of civilization, the traditions of culture and religion, to the new generation. The child receives his first introduction to civilization from his mother. The first formation of his mind and character belongs almost entirely to her. She gives the child his first concepts of reality, his basic acquaintance with his mother tongue. The child's ideas of God, of right and wrong, of repentance for faults, his first meeting with God in prayer—all come through the mother's teaching. She socializes the young human being, training him to honesty, courage, generosity; developing self-control, responsibility, and all those other virtues without which society cannot exist. She molds the men and women of the future. No other in-

fluence is as strong as the mother's in forming and preparing human beings for life.

Woman not only transmits the foundation of culture to the child; she is the great keeper of tradition in society, the custodian of manners and morals, conserving the gracious customs and fundamental standards of the race. She inspires and enforces the code of social behavior as, for example, the great chatelaines of the Middle Ages upheld the noble code of chivalry, and the hostesses of the 17th-century salons cultivated the refinements of taste and manner. She is the guardian of the moral standard, especially in all that concerns the family. In this respect, as in so many others, the modern woman has abrogated her traditional role with tragic consequences for society.

The family is the foundation of all the larger social structures, the basic cell on which all other agencies depend for the very existence and first formation of their members. A nation can flourish only to the extent that it is composed of healthy, flourishing families. But the family can endure only if the woman spends herself wholeheartedly to create a real home. If the woman looks down upon her function and neglects her task in the family, nothing can take her place; the family will disintegrate and with it the whole society. This should be abundantly clear to us when we see how powerless the most elaborate schools and the most advanced methods of social work are in the face of the rising tide of juvenile delinquents from neglected

and broken homes. It is superficial to think that women must be in the forefront of public affairs, politics, or business to influence the course of the world. Woman is at the very roots of social life. If she keeps the sources of life pure and healthy, the entire social order will be renewed and reinvigorated by her effort.

The task of the unmarried woman is, by her wholehearted surrender to God, to make virginity spiritually fruitful in the world. By developing her capacity for spiritual motherhood, she should become a source of strength and comfort and inspiration to mankind. To accomplish her vocation, the single woman must find an appropriate sphere in which she can carry out her dedication to God through loving service of human beings. She must strike out on new paths, searching types of work in which she can use her womanly talents and develop her nature. In the education and formation of the young; in agriculture, tending growing plants and animals; in care of the sick, weak, poor, and helpless, woman finds fields of activity appropriate to her capacities as nurturer of life. Unfortunately, work as it is carried on in those fields today often affords small opportunity for use of woman's characteristic talents. In medicine, education, and social work, we suffer from depersonalization, from too much large-scale organization and mechanical routine, and too much concern with the physical aspects of the process. We need women to pioneer in those fields again, bringing with them

their gift for warmly personal service and creating truly womanly occupations. We need women who will restore the emphasis on the spiritual, and who will make the work of healing, teaching, and relieving the distressed a full expression of living charity between human persons.

As we look over the modern world, we may be tempted to echo King Solomon's cry: "Who shall find a valiant woman?" On every hand we see modern women turning away from this type of the great-hearted woman. How does it happen that we have lost the concept of the woman of love and sacrifice and have accepted the ideal of the professional woman in its place?

Three major factors have contributed to destruction of the womanly ideal: the Reformation, and the consequent secularization of western culture; the industrial revolution; the feminist movement. The Reformation was an ultramasculine movement with small regard for woman's qualities and woman's functions. As society lost its Catholic sense, it lost also the concept of total dedication, understanding of the sacramentality of life, regard for the sanctity of marriage—all principles intimately connected with woman's mission and dignity.

Along with the intellectual devaluation of woman's activities came the profound economic and social changes created by the industrial revolution. Seventy-five years ago the woman in the home was still the center of a variety of economic enterprises of unquestioned value and importance. But one

by one almost all the activities through which a woman served her family, developed herself, and earned the esteem of society have been lifted out of her hands and transferred to the factory. At the same time, economic necessity forced many women into the labor market to help support their families, and this led them further away from a womanly pattern.

The third influence which has contributed to the loss of a true concept of woman's function is the feminist fallacy. Feminism was born of woman's natural reaction against the depressed condition in which she found herself in a secularized, masculine, industrial culture. The feminists have vociferously demanded equality, but unfortunately they have conceived equality on the masculine pattern. Their whole struggle for woman's rights has simply helped destroy the difference between the sexes and has worked to make the woman a slavish imitation of the man. The feminist has completely lost faith in herself as a woman. Her effort to prove herself "just as good as a man" betrays her insecurity and is a tacit admission of inferiority.

Woman's struggle for freedom has led her deeper and deeper into a morass of conditions which frustrate her

nature and mission. Chesterton's *bon mot* is more than a witty pun: "Twenty million women rose to their feet with the cry: 'We will not be dictated to' and proceeded to become stenographers." It is a summary of woman's situation in the modern world. Women rebelled against the confinement of the home, only to find themselves confined to the mechanical routine of the typewriter and the assembly line, rendered all the more monotonous for a woman because of its exceedingly impersonal character. Woman is made for marriage and motherhood; the modern woman, in the name of freedom, urges easy divorce and artificial sterility. Woman is well adapted to the universal activity of her home; her demand for freedom leads her to a narrowly specialized career. Woman is made for love, for the giving of herself in personal, devoted service. In the modern world she has found her way to a position of lonely, selfish independence.

The unnatural position of woman in our society is but one aspect of the disintegration of our modern culture. Nothing short of an intensive and all-embracing renewal of the modern world in the Christian spirit will restore woman to her proper functions.

Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, told this one in his talk to an incoming freshman class:

"One young student was leaving home for the first time to go off to college. Before he departed, his worrisome mother exacted from him a promise that he notify her immediately upon his arrival at school. Reaching his destination, the boy dutifully wired as follows: 'Congratulations on the safe arrival of your son.'"

Alex H. Bisbee.

Are the Strikes Justified?

By P. McCARTHY

Facts and figures

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

In December of 1940, Joe Workman was making \$1 an hour. Averaging five days a week, eight hours a day, he made \$40 a week. Joe thought he was lucky to be doing so well. (Of course, Joe was lucky—even in these days of supposedly high wages, three out of five workers in the U. S. earn less than 87½¢ an hour, and 10 million earn less than 65¢ an hour.)

But when war came, prices began to rise. They finally got so high that Joe and the other men in his plant threatened to strike for higher wages. They wanted more, but they were told that, under the Little Steel formula, wage increases were limited to 15% of wages as of Jan. 1, 1941.

Still, Joe's employer gave him the 15% raise. So after the settlement, Joe was earning \$1.15 an hour, plus time-and-a-half for eight hours overtime. His total weekly wage was now \$59.80.

Before long, Joe was in striking mood again. His wages had been riveted down by the formula. Yet personal experience told him that prices, by one means or another, were continuing to rise. Despite government promises of a rollback of prices, prices rose 6.2% in the eight months immediately following imposition of the Little Steel formula on workers' wages.

Even the official figure, admitting a 6.2% rise in prices, failed to approxi-

mate the real increase. Joe knew that, though what goods were left had risen only 6.2%, most low-priced merchandise had disappeared, quality had deteriorated, and commodities were often available only to those who paid black-market prices.

By the time both wars had ended, Joe was paying close to 50% more for necessities than in 1940. In Detroit, for instance, the cost of living, according to the admittedly conservative Bureau of Labor Statistics Cost of Living Index, had risen 29.5% since imposition of the Little Steel formula. Meanwhile, wages had been held down to 15% above the 1940 level. The fact that he was working eight extra hours every week at time-and-a-half was the only barrier between his family and destitution.

Not long after V-J day, Joe's employer lost his government contract and went back to the 40-hour week. That knocked out Joe's time-and-a-half, and the shadow that had been threatening, postwar prices at prewar wages, turned into a very solid reality.

From Joe's viewpoint, the issues are clear-cut. Elimination of wartime overtime has pushed wages back to 15% above prewar level, while prices have remained at close to 50% above prewar level. To Joe, those figures pose an inescapable dilemma: raises or ruin.

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. November, 1943.

If Joe can help it, it's not going to be ruin.

That is the situation as Joe sees it. But there are always two sides to every problem: there is the employer's to consider. Considering the problem from the employer's position, Joe begins to feel even more strongly that he has a raise coming.

The position of U. S. industry, as it heads into the postwar world, is strong, the strongest in many, many years. During the war, American industry built up its funds to approximately \$20 billion, represented by cash and government bonds. This figure represents only reserves and undistributed profits; profits already distributed to shareholders are not included, though they are known to be high. Refunds on excess-profits taxes will swell this total by another \$3 billion.

Over and above reserves and undistributed profits right now in industry's coffers, a \$27-billion U. S. Treasury fund is available to American industry during reconversion. If industry shows a loss, or even if profits fall below normal during reconversion, the federal government will make a refund of taxes to cover any amount up to \$27 billion.

If Joe Workman were padded for the shock of reconversion with cash and government insurance proportionate to industry's cushion, he would have government bonds and cash to the tune of \$7,200, plus a tax refund coming to him amounting to \$1,200. Moreover, this government insurance would reimburse him for any job or

wage loss up to \$9,600. Altogether, Joe would have a financial cushion of around \$18,000, if Joe were in the same position as industry. Actually, the bank balance of workers averages about \$300, and workers have no tax refunds or rebates coming.

As matters stand, American industry can sit on its smokestacks for years without worrying about profits. The government will take care of profits, in case management has something else to worry about.

We can take the steel industry as representative. It has long been an axiom that as steel goes, so goes the nation. Facts and figures available on the steel industry amply prove that the industry can raise wages 30% without raising prices and still have a comfortable profit margin left.

Leading representatives of industry, of course, deny this. Their explanation goes something like this: During the last five years, profits after taxes in the steel industry averaged \$245 million annually. According to one leader, E. L. Ryerson, chairman of the board of Inland Steel, the wage increase demanded by steelworkers would cost the industry \$275 million annually. The difference between profits and wage increases, then, would be \$30 million in favor of wage increases. Clearly, then, or so it seems, the wage increases would force the steel industry to operate at a \$30-million annual deficit.

The joker is that admitted profits after taxes are not the yardstick to measure profits by. After taxes, profits averaged \$245 million annually, but

before taxes, profits averaged \$700 million a year. And wage increases would come out of profits before taxes. They would lower profits before and after taxes by about one-third.

A one-third cut in profits after taxes would reduce steel's profits to a little over \$160 million a year. This is still close to \$45 million more than profits averaged from 1935 to 1939. It is, incidentally, almost a 40% increase over the 1935-1939 average, a slightly higher percentage of profit increase than the wage-increase demands of the steelworkers.

But such an explanation shows only a part of steel's ability to pay. In 1944, E. M. Voorhees, of the U. S. Steel Corporation, in a classic understatement, reported that the corporation was in the best financial position in its history. Any picture of the industry as a whole must be painted in the same glowing technicolor. A resumé of its financial standing, though burdened with figures, will show the industry's ability to absorb wage increases.

During the five war years, steel's open profits after taxes totaled \$1,225 million. Accumulated reserves, excess provisions for depreciation and depletion, and accelerated amortization of wartime facilities (hidden profits all) probably come close to the figure for open profits. Dividends on steel stock were almost double prewar dividends (an 82% increase).

During the 1940-44 period, steel's profits averaged \$245 million, more than doubling the average for the five prewar years. This was in spite of high-

er taxes. During the five war years, allowances for depreciation, depletion, and amortization averaged \$277 million, almost double the average for the five preceding years. The "care-of-machinery" funds in the steel industry totaled \$1,387 million during five years of war, again doubling totals for the preceding five years of peace.

Total assets were well under \$5 billion in 1940, but \$6 billion in 1945, a rise of over 20%. Steel's reserves were \$103 million in 1940 and \$395 million in 1945. The companies' accumulated undistributed profits amounted to \$92 million in the 1935-39 period and \$476 million in the 1940-44 period. During five war years, total undistributed profits, \$1,061 million, came within 20% of doubling the total prewar figure.

Should the steel industry decide to loaf its way through 1946 or spend the time fighting steelworkers and consequently just break even for the year, it will be entitled to a tax refund of \$149 million, a refund surpassing 1935-39 average profits by almost 30%, or approximately \$35 million.

Stockholders in the industry, then, find themselves in an enviable position. Wartime returns on investments have almost doubled average prewar returns. Their holdings are now worth well over \$1 billion more than during 1939, the last prewar year. Technological advances in the industry, as in industry in general, have greatly increased productivity of their holdings, and the value of the worker's hour to them. All has been accomplished without increased risk or effort on the part

of stockholders. To say that the industry cannot absorb wage increases without corresponding price increases is to ignore the facts.

The pattern in steel indicates the pattern in other industries. There may be a variety of circumstances affecting each individual industry, but the general pattern remains the same. Wage increases can easily be taken out of income and still leave a comfortable margin of profit. In some cases, adjustments will be necessary to distribute the cost of wage increases equitably between manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer, but there is no reason why the general wage increase must be passed on to the consumer. The wage increase is intended to compensate for a previous price increase, not to precipitate a new one.

Retailers, however, have been saying that increased costs cannot be absorbed and must be passed on to consumers. OPA Administrator Bowles, after studying their arguments, replied: "This contention flies in the face of the facts. Dollar earnings of retailers have shown a vast wartime increase. The ratio of net profits to sales in department stores, for example, has increased from 1½% in the period 1936-39 to 12% in 1944. The contention that retailers have, up to this time, been squeezed under price control cannot be seriously defended. Indeed, friends in the retail community tell me they cannot look at the figures without blushing."

Before the atom bomb, when the Japanese war still seemed far from won, a petition had been sent to Presi-

dent Truman to lift the Little Steel formula. At the time, Representative Holifield of California said: "All the evidence points to economic troubles right ahead unless the present national wage policy is revised to permit an increase of at least 20% in basic pay rate in order to keep up mass purchasing power and avoid sowing the seeds of a disastrous depression in the immediate future." The need for this wage increase has been augmented, not diminished by passage of time.

An angle of the problem noted by some qualified observers is the fact that American industry is in a particularly good position for a knock-down, drag-out fight with labor. The unions are stronger than they have been in years, but industry is stronger, too.

Industry has a mountain of gold, a \$20-billion reserve, to fight with. It has a pent-up demand for civilian products and can easily use any shortages in servicing this demand to stir up resentment against strikers and unions in general.

Over and above its internal strength, industry has a guarantee of profits during reconversion. Losses and lack of regular profits will be reimbursed up to \$27 billion by refunds of taxes. In the eyes of a labor-hating, union-busting industrialist—and Sewell Avery is not the only one of his type—this is \$27 billion worth of golden opportunity, with everything to gain and nothing to lose.

War between industry and labor now would show industry with some high-caliber ammunition—a \$20 bil-

lion reserve, an inside track to public opinion, and a \$27-billion subsidy from government. Later on, the reserve may be depleted, public opinion could be changed, and the \$27-billion subsidy will have vanished with the end of re-conversion. What would you do if you hated unions?

To sum up, then, a general 30% wage increase will take \$6 billion out

of industrial profits before taxes. It will put those \$6 billion into the hands of the buying public, the workers. To the buying public, \$6 billion means more cars, more homes, more food and clothing, more industrial products. To industry, \$6 billion means more plants, more reserves, more profits, more taxes. Which do you think will benefit the public more?



Resignation

By BEA COYLE

Condensed from the *Mission Call**

Blessed are they that mourn

You had been watching the children playing in the yard and were wondering, that late March day, if you should tell your 6-year-old Jim that he might switch his ski suit for something lighter; but you had decided against it for fear that Mary Ann, with the ground-sitting imprudence of all such women of 3½, would insist on doing likewise. Your premature twins, sleeping in the sun porch, were a husky three months of age, and the doctor had told you this morning that their chance for survival was now equal to that of any other infant of comparable age. Your world was treating you as well as it could in view of the fact that your husband was bringing his Liberator closer and closer to the heart of a

dangerously wounded, but not felled, Japanese enemy; and you had learned to be grateful for small things.

Then your doorbell rang, and your stomach suddenly sickened when you saw the Western Union boy standing there. Beads of perspiration sprang out on your forehead; your quaking fingers struggled with the envelope: "Regret to inform you . . . missing in action . . ."

You staggered mentally under the blow, unwilling to believe. You searched your panic-stricken thoughts for some way to avoid telling the children, even as you realized there could be no escape. You could build up your courage by telling your sister, if only her worldliness and manner of building up

*Sacred Heart Monastery, Hales Corners, Wis. November, 1945.

her own ego by belittling you did not place such a barrier between you.

But you had to tell someone. "Eileen," you quavered, "I just received word . . .," and you read her the telegram, somehow. She drove over before you summoned the children in from play.

After that, you froze inside. It was time to plant the garden, and you planted it. But the four youngsters and the house prevented your giving it adequate care. Its disorder and neglect seemed a symbol of the bitter, unrecollected state of your mind. You were haunted by your aloneness more than you had ever been since he went away. You didn't serve chicken any more because you remembered how you had always tucked away the drumsticks for Jim. Every time the doorbell or telephone rang, your heart would leap into your throat and you would begin to quake.

It was beginning to be warm, but you were more frozen than ever. You needed a few hours of solitude to try to comb out the tangled strands of your thoughts. Why did it have to happen? The uninvited thoughts wound tighter and tighter the spring of tension within you.

It seemed as if you should be able to get it straightened out on Sundays when you went to Mass. If there should be an explanation—yes, a justification—of this tragedy, it was certainly going to take a masterpiece of concentration to find it.

One afternoon when the sun was fairly scalding down, you looked out

the window and were surprised to find that the garden was about a quarter weeded. Little Jim, with the quiet determination that had most endeared his father to you, was plucking doggedly at the ragweed and chickweed. You watched him as he cheerfully tore out the secret symbol of your despair by the roots and tossed it aside to wither in the hot sun. When you looked at the sandy head bent over the rows of vegetables, you felt a prick of conscience that you weren't happier. A son like him was indeed a blessing—and the people, especially your childless sister, had pitied you for your twins, calling them, contemptuously, "furlough babies!"

Still no news!

Sometimes, you were tantalized by your recollection of hikes to Bailey's ledge, a rocky prominence against the sturdy granite shoulders of which your little town braced itself. It had been your favorite hike, a grand test of youthful stamina in substitution for more sophisticated recreation, and a private place to talk. The spot would always seem his and yours.

It was early October. People said you would have heard by now if the news were bad; but you couldn't quite convince yourself. You took the children for a Saturday picnic lunch to the foot of Bailey's ledge. It was a grand afternoon; the air had the mellow, ripened flavor and odor of autumn. The children's delight seemed actually effervescent. Jimmie and Mary Ann danced in the leaves and brought you an inconveniently large collection of especially

colorful ones to "save." You longed to write to Jim that Kevin was sitting in his carriage now to watch his big brother and sister, and nearly squashing poor baby Katherine in the process. You chose words to tell him about the way they loved the picnic lunch and the little wooden benches.

When you pushed back through the gate into your own walk, Mrs. Agronovitz came running over to tell you her bit of news. "Celine, honey, while you were gone, a young man in an Army uniform was here." Your heart was beating so fast it choked back your speech. "He says he'll come back around supper time."

He was Sgt. Pat Lansen. He searched his memory for every detail of your husband's last mission. "His Lib," he concluded, "picked up an awful dose of flak. We saw it drop out of formation and begin to lose altitude. They finally had to ditch, I imagine. But we weren't so far from the Philippines." He knocked the ashes from his cigarette, and you remembered when the smell of tobacco would not have seemed strange to you. He added, without meeting your eyes, "He could have got himself picked up as like as not."

The day before the first heavy snow, you called the Red Cross again, but they still had no news. You returned to your dishes and abstractedly watched a training plane maneuvering in the distance. Perhaps time had begun to file a little of the rawness from the edges of your wound; for you were wondering if you should make temporary plans for your children's Christ-

mas. Then, suddenly, you saw that distant plane begin to plummet, sewing a black ruffle of smoke on the dull grey sky. Even your subsequent knowledge that the young pilot had parachuted safely could not ease your now fully aroused nervous system.

"Celine," complained your sister, during her next visit, "you're much too thin. And you're so tired looking that I'd imagine you were 49, not 29!" Eileen was right, of course. Perhaps it would help some if you could smooth out your mind, and put your heart at peace.

Then, one night, shortly before Christmas, you had the chance you had coveted. Eileen stopped in on her way from a meeting, with no other apparent objective than a brief visit. You reached for your coat and tied your three-cornered blue scarf about your hair. "Eileen," you announced, with a pretended boldness, "I've just got to get a bit of fresh air. Be a lamb and look after the youngsters a moment. Please?" You left quickly, before you lost your nerve.

Relief came with realization that now you could kneel before the Blessed Sacrament in the dark church until your mind and your heart melted, and the sharp edges of your hurt didn't rub on your soul. The church door was locked! After all this, was your opportunity to be lost? Bailey's ledge!

When you gained the summit, you felt it had all been a trifle pointless; you couldn't think things through when you were shivering so in the damp wind. However, you resolved to

say your Rosary, since you had come, and sank down to a spot which an overhanging rock had sheltered from the snow. As you prayed, you noticed in the moonlight a sculptured crucifix on the back of St. Anthony's church. It seemed strange that you had never noticed it when you were gay. And you remembered that, even as you, He had once wept against the rocks of Gethsemane. His humanity had rejected the suffering His divine will had embraced. He, too, had immolated Himself to accomplish His mission. "If this chalice may not pass, but I must drink. . . ."

The very coldness of the night helped you forget the things that were more or less selfish; wanting someone to share the responsibilities and joys of the children, someone with whom to make decisions. For the first time in months, tears at his loss sprang to your eyes; but they seemed almost good, like a warm spring rain on the snow. You would accept it if God would please make fruitful his bitter passing, fruitful of a way of life that your children could bless. You must storm heaven that they might not be delivered from the clutches of one tyranny into the grasp of another.

You arose, rather stiffly, and started

down the trail with sober victory in your heart. When you opened the door into the warmth of your parlor, it was the expression on Jim's face that first arrested you; at once sad and apprehensive.

You turned to Eileen, whose face wore that same look of fear. Then you noticed the yellow, telegraphic envelope beside her, and it came to you with a shock that what they feared was your want of resignation and self-control! They had known, after all, that you had been a Simon of Cyrene, walking bitter and unwilling behind our Lord! But now that emotional desert seemed foreign and very long ago, perhaps in another lifetime.

"Do you want to read it?" Eileen inquired haltingly.

"I think I've always known," you managed, as you refused the envelope. "I've known for certain since that sergeant was here, anyway. God is wiser than we, and kinder, too. We'll just leave the future to Him."

You saw Eileen's face relax, and Jim, obviously relieved, thrust his little face hard against you in an effort to hide his own sobs, which he could no longer restrain. With a silent prayer for help, you shut your eyes and tried to still the pounding of your heart.



Not a man exists who talks bravely against the Church, but does not owe it to the Church that he can talk at all.

From Historical Sketches III by Cardinal Newman.

Dante the Thomist

Spiritual grandson

By AODH DE BLACAM

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly**

One of the chief "sights" in Florence is the Dominican church of *Santa Maria Novella*. Here are the admired Italian Gothic, the historic green cloisters, and the arcade striped in black-and-white marble.

Dante Alighieri, as a young man, before exile and condemnation by his beloved city, saw the church a-building. He had a friend and adviser in Fra Remigio, twice Prior. This good priest, who had studied in Paris under St. Thomas Aquinas, had been recalled to Italy to lecture in theology. He seems to have been a genial spirit, somewhat loquacious, not to say verbose, as exuberant as Dante was dour, and (as often happens with friends) an opposite in temperament.

Dante, at the time of the friendship, was an unhappy man. Everyone knows the story. He had fallen in love with Beatrice Portinari, his neighbor and one-time playmate; and in the exaltation of those days had made immortal sonnets in her honor.

Then, one day, his friends had taken him to a wedding in the town, and the bride proved to be his Beatrice. There was rude laughter at the young poet's dismay; Beatrice joined in; and the poet went forth, hurt far more than any mocker guessed. None had known the intensity of his devotion, or their trick in taking him to the wedding, for

that shock and surprise, would be cruel indeed. Three years later, Beatrice died.

The thwarting of his youthful hope had shaken Dante. He tells how he was for a time driven into unworthy ways. Then he succeeded in making of his disappointment a stepping stone to a higher happiness. He devoted all his mental energy to study, to divine philosophy, and Fra Remigio of Santa Maria Novella was his guide.

Fra Remigio must have been full of recollections of his teacher. Who that sat in the lecture hall when Thomas was talking of God and the world of created things could forget the cool, lucid expositions, point by point?

"From the fact that they acquire the divine goodness, creatures are made like unto God. Wherefore, if all things tend to God as their last end, so as to acquire His goodness, it follows that the last end of things is to become like unto God. Moreover . . ."

At the end of every lecture, the huge friar with the childlike face and abstracted manner would ask for questions. Anyone in that cold straw-floored hall by the Seine could put a difficulty. Half a dozen would be sent up to him—"and I was one of the worst, Messer Dante, for asking awkward questions," Fra Remigio would say—and instantly the saint would tick off

*5 Great Denmark St., Dublin, C.16, Ireland. November, 1945.

the points on his fingers, answering every problem briefly, clearly, conclusively.

The Prior's enthusiasm for his old master would pass into the young poet's mind. "I wish I could have heard him."

"Ah, yes, but he is dead these 20 years; he is gone to heaven since you were a child. He died in 1274."

"I was a child of nine, then."

"Maybe you did see him, when he was here."

"Was he here?"

"Why, yes, my son. He came in '72. This grand new friary had not been founded then, but we had the little church of *Santa Maria tra la Vigne* at this place."

"Our Lady Among the Vines."

"Fra Tommaso preached there. He talked to the people in his broad dialect of Naples; he always preached in that familiar tongue."

"Maybe I heard him, when my old aunt took me to Mass. I often heard the friars preach."

"Maybe so. You were only a child. You did not know that you were listening to the greatest philosopher of all the ages."

"Ah, Father Prior, that is a bold claim. But you were his disciple, so it must be excused to you."

Fra Remigio would laugh.

Dante (we can imagine) smiled the tolerant smile of youth, ever ready to pity its elders' enthusiasms; but Fra Remigio was not blind to the young man's thoughts.

"Messer Dante," he would say, "let

me lend you the big book Thomas wrote to defend the faith against the Jews and the Saracens, his *Contra Gentiles*. He goes to the foundation of the universe; he climbs by the steps of pure reason to the height of all creation, and faith sustains him as he treads the heights beyond all sense. *Contra Gentiles* surpasses all that Aristotle taught or Albert interpreted."

Almost reluctantly, he would hand the precious vellum volume to the poet. Dante would take it to the old family home in the Sesto San Piero, where the tower of the Badia tolled the canonical hours; and there, in an upper chamber as in a tower, he would pore over the script.

He would read how sense and intelligence are the two principles of cognition; and how the angels have but one mode of cognition, and learn in one unimpeded flash truths that men strive after in patient toil. The Latin words, written so swiftly, needed long meditation, and Dante would burn late tapers as he labored.

The love Fra Remigio had for his master was lit in Dante, too. All his ardor found satisfaction now. He followed the philosopher's reasoning, step by step, with mounting delight. As the saint had compassed the universe in one sublime philosophical synthesis, so, guided by him, the poet saw creation in one vast image that he would later set forth in 100 cantos. A philosophy was to be reborn as a poem.

Dante did not merely take chapters of St. Thomas and versify them as Shakespeare threw a biographer's ac-

count of Cleopatra into glowing verse. He studied deeply; he became himself a philosopher, a man of science, and a teacher. Dante knew the *Contra Gentiles* thoroughly, and even adopted its title in Italian *Contra Gli Erranti* for writings of his own; but he does not seem to have known the *Summa*. Thanks to conferences with Fra Remigio, we may suppose, he nevertheless mastered the Thomistic scheme. When he constructed his poetic hell, purgatory and paradise, he moved with perfect ease through the moral and theological problems that this paper universe involved. So thoroughly did he expound such questions as the psychology of angels and the state of the dead pending resurrection that we find him quoted by theologians, much as they quote from the Fathers.

Although Dante is so sound a Thomist, he has some theories or departures of his own; for he is a thinker as well as learner. Dante differs with Aquinas concerning the angelic nature and the independent existence of First Matter. More important is his treatment of the earthly paradise, wherein he has no warrant from Aquinas, but devotes six cantos to an extraordinary portrayal of natural perfection. We see his "steady assertion of the intrinsic worth of the secular life." He sets forth an ideal of universal secular dominion which concerns no generation more than our own, which has lived to see world unity become the only way of escape from world destruction. Dante claims a place among philosophers as a social and political thinker.

He was at once dramatist and moralist. Human action and its everlasting consequences are his concern. This is seen particularly in the *Inferno*.

My first acquaintance with Dante was as a schoolboy, aged 13. Some publisher brought out in periodical parts the engravings Gustave Doré made for the *Divine Comedy*, and they were shown in a shop window near my home. Young people crowded to gaze upon the horrific pictures of flaming tombs and torments. I can still recall their horror and fascination.

The impression had a sort of Calvinistic unreason in it. We saw human creatures suffering in flames; the thing had nothing in it but terror; hell was dreadful, like a madman's dream. We must escape it, if we can, like the wrath of a mad ruler. That was all the lesson that we carried away, shuddering.

No one reading the *Inferno* is thus impressed. A simple beginner in Dante said to Dr. Wicksteed (the Dantist scholar) with some wonder: "Why, none of these people in the poet's hell seems to want to get away from it." Read the *Inferno* intelligently, and you find Dante's moral driven home with dramatic emphasis. All of the damned are just where they have chosen to be. Their own will has brought them there. The horror of hell is not in its torments, but in that perversion of the will that chooses sin and what sin entails. There is fear in the poet, yes, but it is a fear of sin. Justice, not a mad whim, has decreed the things which are so dreadful to behold.

This Dante teaches in every canto;

but first he writes it on the very porch of hell:

*Justice the founder of my fabric
moved.*

*To rear me was the task of Power
divine,*

*Supremest Wisdom, and primeval
Love.*

The notion which we school children derived from Doré's pictures is shared, I think, by many. These suppose that the *Inferno* is simply a catalogue of physical horror. They do not know that it is one of the deepest and finest pieces of thinking in all literature.

Because young Dante studied under Fra Remigio, and thus was pupil of the pupil of Aquinas, he was what he was, the greatest of all Christian poets. For, with a philosophy all-comprehensive, and seeing the divine purpose in all things, in empires and souls, the rising flame and the falling stone, he could not be content with petty themes.

The architecture of the *Divine Comedy* amazes us when we note how the number of cantos and verses is fixed as if by mathematical design. The work on which the poet spent half a lifetime must have been planned, in every detail, from the outset. Wonder grows as we dwell with the work, and trace and retrace the pattern of the cosmos in the stupendous scenes. No other poet offers so inexhaustible a world of thought and admiration.

Dante is not to be listened to, and dismissed, like the singing Burns, as a diversion; nor read once, and pleasing-

ly remembered, like Keats or Tennyson. If he is read at all, he must be studied. He cannot be appreciated unless the reader is interested in the history of his age (one of the supreme crises in all time) and in the Christian philosophy which was his inspiration. The flippant and superficial intellectuals of our day will be bored at the first canto. The modernist mind, indifferent to Catholic tradition and the splendors of our heritage, will find Dante foreign. Indifference to Dante is the mark of departure from the Catholic spirit, and the decay of intellectual life.

Fra Remigio gave young Dante a world to conquer. He died, in 1319, a very old man, two years before his pupil. We may wonder whether he knew what Dante, that stormy soul, had achieved. Did he see the script of the *Divine Comedy*, which must have been nearly complete when the friar was awaiting his tranquil end? Did the old man smile and say to himself something like this:

"Ah, poor young Alighieri, he has seen trouble. Too much of it he drew on himself. Still, he has turned his tribulations to a good use. He has given the world a mighty work, that will exercise good brains for many a century.

"I like those cantos on my old master, Fra Tommaso." (And here the old friar would pray for the canonization of Aquinas, which took place a few years later, in 1323, when Dante, too, was dead.) "Dante learned his lessons well.

"Ah, well, I suppose I can claim some credit for that. He has achieved

something for the glory of Florence (though the city outlawed him) that will fill the guidebooks as long as travelers come to Arno's vale. He had something to say, not like the scribblers who plume themselves on folly. Yes, I'll get some credit; yet the true credit goes to my master. Dante is

among the immortals, because he was the pupil of the pupil of Aquinas."

So the old friar might muse in the sunlight of a winter's day, half jesting, half in earnest, until the bell struck, and he went in to his prayers, wherein he did not forget the poet, who needed prayers so direly.



This Struck Me

In the essay "Evangeline" Father Feeney is waiting in a reception room with a group of strangers; their hostess has not yet arrived to introduce them; all are ill at ease, and Father Feeney most of all, until across the room he sees a Roman collar; before going over to the wearer he gives the following tribute to the Catholic priesthood—so accurate it could have been written only by a priest, so beautiful it could have come only from a poet:

There happens to be in this world of strange social conventions one friendship that transcends all conventions and knows no rules. It is the brotherhood of Catholic priests. There is not, I swear it, under the stars an intimacy more reckless or more profound than the bond between one Catholic levite and another. It needs no coaxing, no prelude, no ritual. It is subject to no formality. We meet and possess one another instantly. There is not the shadow of a barrier between us, neither age, nor antecedents, nor nationality, nor climate, nor color of skin. Ours is a blunt, rough-hewn affection. It almost forgets to be polite. I can dine at his table without invitation; sit in his study and read his books before I have ever met him; borrow his money or his clothes with no bail; his home is my home; his fireside, my fireside; his altar, my altar. I can give him my confidences promptly and without reserve. I can neither edify nor scandalize him. We can quarrel without offense, praise each other without flattery, or sit silently and say nothing and be mutually circumvented.

How and why all this can happen is our own precious secret. It is the secret of men who climb a lonely drawbridge, mount a narrow stair, and sleep in a lofty citadel that floats a white flag. Singly we go, independent and unpossessed, establishing no generation, each a conclusion of his race and name; yet always companioning one another with a strange sympathy, too tender to be called fellowship, too sturdy to be called love, but which God will find a name for when He searches our hearts in Eternity.

From Fish on Friday. (N. Y.: Sheed & Ward. 1935. 214 pp. \$1.50.)

Follower of Christ

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

He also took up the cross

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

Gerard Groote, as the result of a recent sensational discovery, is now coming into his own as the author of one of the most famous books in the world, *The Following of Christ*, which for centuries has borne the name of Thomas à Kempis as author. It is a little book of spiritual counsel. Written in simple language, the book tells how one may find peace and serenity amid trials and disappointments, gain self-mastery, and grow daily in spiritual perfection. The pith and substance of all the thousands of books on self-help, how to succeed, how to make friends, how to find peace, how to be happy, how to improve yourself, is found in *The Following of Christ*, and much more besides.

Running as golden threads throughout the book are the counsels to love God with one's whole heart and soul and one's neighbor as one's self. It breathes an atmosphere of peace and love and service toward God and man. It is a distillation of the noblest ethical ideals of all the books of the Bible.

Among people of all faiths and tongues, it has long been a best seller. Throughout Christendom, it is surpassed in circulation only by the Bible. Millions read a chapter daily.

In 1921, Paul Hagan, the city librarian, was browsing among some old manuscripts in the library of Lübeck.

Among them he discovered 60 chapters of *The Following of Christ*. A careful study of this Netherlandish manuscript for the last 20 years has caused the bulk of eminent scholars to conclude that Gerard Groote is the original writer of the world-famous *Following of Christ*, and Thomas à Kempis the editor.

Groote was born in 1340 at Deventer, Holland. He became one of the most learned scholars of his day. After completing his higher education at Aachen, Paris, Cologne and Prague, he achieved an enviable reputation in philosophy, theology, canon law, astronomy, medicine, Latin, Hebrew, and Greek. "So outstanding was his knowledge and wisdom," says one of his biographers, "that no contemporary throughout the world was reckoned his equal."

A professor of philosophy and theology at Cologne, Groote possessed ample means to travel and to mingle with the wealthy, fashionable society of his day. The pleasures of the world failed, however, to satisfy him.

In 1370 he placed himself under the spiritual guidance of the prior of the Carthusian monastery of Munnikhuizen, and for three years devoted himself to the study and practice of spiritual perfection. At the end of that time the Prior deterred him from taking monas-

**Notre Dame, Ind. Nov. 3, 1945.*

tic vows or leaving the world forever.

"You can do much more good by your preaching, for which God has given you great talent," he said. Gerard obeyed and left for Deventer.

In his humility, Gerard had declined the priestly dignity. Since he had been ordained deacon, however, he received the license to preach in his native diocese of Utrecht. He flung all his talent and ardor into the apostolate of preaching the Gospel. He inveighed against relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline and degradation of the clergy. He proclaimed the mercy and love of God and exhorted the masses to repentance.

A revival of religion and good morals swept the country. Helpers joined him in his apostolate and with these he formed the community known as the Brethren of the Common Life. Within a century, a great part of Europe was studded with schools taught by the Brethren. Tuition was free, as the Brethren labored solely for the love of God.

Because Gerard had fearlessly denounced vice, sparing neither laity nor clergy, he stirred antagonisms, especially among the latter, who prevailed upon the Bishop of Utrecht to withdraw Groote's license to preach. Submitting under protest to episcopal authority, he appealed to Rome for redress. Meanwhile he withdrew to the monastery at Woudrichem.

Muzzled and frustrated in his burning eagerness to preach the Gospel, what was Gerard to do? He could sulk: he could defy the Bishop and start a schism, as aggrieved men had

done often before. But Gerard did neither. More important to him than even the vindication of his own good name was the unity of Christ's mystical Body, the Church. Scholar that he was, he perceived that there are some reforms which cannot be brought about from without, but must come from within, with time, God's grace, and the repentant will of man.

In this time of anguish, Gerard turned to God. From Him he drew the strength to bear his cross in silence. Out of that intimate communing of his soul with God there came the perception of mighty spiritual truths which he wrote in his diary under the heading *Interior Consolation*.

After he had waited at Woudrichem several months, a plague devastated the country. Gerard left the monastery to comfort his brethren at Zwolle and give them medical care, for he was also a doctor. While ministering to the stricken, Gerard was himself smitten. As the end drew near, a great peace filled his soul. Turning to his disciples, he said his last words:

"My dearly beloved, put your trust in God, and fear not the hatred of worldlings. Remain faithful to your good resolution. God Himself will stand by you here below. Man can do nothing against the decisions of God. As soon as I come to God, in accordance with my hope, I will let down from heaven a shower of flowers, that you may feel the effects of God's grace and that you may bear fruit in this world."

For more than 500 years the prom-

ised flowers of God's grace have been showered from heaven through his little masterpiece. Millions of all faiths have borne witness to the spiritual help they have derived from Gerard's immortal work. For centuries the little volume has remained, second only to the Bible, the most influential and spir-

itual book in all Christendom.

Gerard's ambition to preach the Gospel was fulfilled, but not in the manner in which he had planned. His months of silent endurance at Woudrichem enabled him to record the dialogue of his soul with God, and through that record to preach to souls in every land.



Sisters of Harmony

By REGINA Z. KELLY

Jubal's daughters

Condensed from *News Story**

A unique musical organization has been developing in Chicago since the summer of 1941. It is the Nuns' Band of De Paul university, which started as a series of small ensembles and has grown into a large, capable group. There are in the band 35 nuns from different Religious Orders and various parts of the country, who have mastered the instruments that one finds in every well-organized band. (So far the nuns have made no public appearances, although they have given some fine private concerts for the De Paul student body.)

De Paul has a famous music school in a modern 17-story part-office building in downtown Chicago. Its sound-proofed studios shut out the clamor of the Loop and look down on the blue waters of Lake Michigan. Most of the De Paul faculty have Doctors' degrees,

have studied under the best teachers in the U. S. and Europe, and have had concert, radio or operatic experience.

Because De Paul is a highly accredited Catholic university and is so centrally located, it is the choice for summer-school work by many of the members of teaching Orders of nuns. Sisters of Charity in their full blue skirts and wide white headgear, black-robed Sisters of Mercy and of Notre Dame, and Dominican nuns in spotless white are among the throngs which fill corridors and elevators, hurrying quietly to classes.

The Nuns' Band was not organized for publicity, but as a clinical experiment. Most of the nuns are music instructors in parochial schools, where development of instrumental groups is emphasized as part of modern musical education. Nearly all the instructors

*11 W. 42nd St., New York City, 18. November, 1943.

are conductors of school bands, yet many of the nuns themselves had never played in one. To help them understand the problems of their own students, it was decided to organize them into a band. In this way they learn correct rehearsal procedure, and problems of balance, intonation, and ensemble playing.

The band meets twice a week for full rehearsals, but there are daily sessions with small groups. Light music or the more popular classics are played, since such are generally selected by students' bands.

Dr. T. M. Justus, who originated and conducts the Nuns' Band, is nationally known as an adjudicator and for his clinical work in music. He is a guest lecturer, a conductor of national music clinics, a composer, and former member of the staff of every major radio station in Chicago.

"The idea for the Nuns' Band," said Dr. Justus, "came to me several years ago. I used to visit a near-by convent, where the girls who were studying for the sisterhood were taking instruction in different instruments. I noticed the

enjoyment they got out of playing, and the interest they expressed in being part of a band."

Religious and musical groups everywhere as well as the general public are intrigued with the idea of a Nuns' Band, and this year similar organizations are developing at other universities. "Everyone is interested in seeing nuns play band instruments, especially the larger trumpets and drums," said Dr. Justus. "The nuns themselves get quite a thrill out of it, and this in turn appeals to their audiences."

The conductor is responsible for much of the success of the organization. He has all the attributes that make a successful instructor of musical groups: he is patient, appreciative of the efforts of his students, as pleased as they with the progress they are making, but insistent that they do as directed. He thinks his "Sisters of harmony" are excellent students. They are used to obedience, are hard-working and ambitious, and have an earnest purpose in mind.

"I wish all my students were like the good Sisters," Dr. Justus said wistfully.



Answers to "What Do You Know About Sleep?" (P. 92)

- 1: (c)—35 times.
- 2: (c)—5475 days.
- 3: (a)—Sleep.
- 4: (b)—False.
- 5: (a)—Medium.
- 6: (b)—No. Causes restlessness due to pressure on the bladder.
- 7: (c)—1,200,000,000.
- 8: (b)—1 grain. 15 grains of a barbiturate may cause death.
- 9: (d)—27 as of 1941.
- 10: (b)—No.
- 11: (b)—No. Causes constriction of blood vessels, making you sleepier.

Socialism and the Church

By GEORGE H. DUNNE

Distinction between economics and theology

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

The shape of things to come in Europe, and perhaps beyond Europe, is socialist.

In nearly every country in Europe the regime that at last emerges will be committed to a program that can be roughly described as socialist. The relationship between Catholicism and Socialism has now become a problem fraught with enormous and immediate importance. If the people are to work in harmony toward building a decent human society, the hostility that has traditionally characterized that relationship must be dissolved.

The people of Europe have had enough of violence. They must have peace. It would be the supreme irony if they should have been delivered from international anarchy only to be subjected to a more bitter ordeal. If the higher unity is to be maintained, intelligence and good will are required of Catholics and Socialists.

Socialism has embraced two different things: a philosophy about man and society, and a program for the economic reorganization of society to assure a just distribution of this world's goods. The philosophy was not essential to the program, nor was the program a logical derivative of it. Many socialist movements, of non-Marxist inspiration, were innocent of the philosophy. But modern Socialism, scientific

as distinguished from the utopian, has been Marxist. It is a tragedy that the founders of this, the most influential socialism, insisted that philosophy and program were inseparable.

If they had been content to build their program upon their sound intuitions about the social nature of man and the solidarity of the human race, there need never have been any serious conflict. Unfortunately their speculations were influenced by the superficial rationalism in vogue in their day. They were further biased by the frequent association of churchmen with reactionary persons and causes. As a consequence, they developed a sophomoric attitude towards God and formulated a doctrine which was materialistic, anthropocentric and antireligious.

Obviously Catholicism could not join hands with that sort of philosophy, with Socialists' views about marriage, family, religious education, and religion itself. But it has become increasingly possible to distinguish between program and doctrine. In terms of this development it is correct to say that the hostility between Catholicism and Socialism was rooted in doctrine rather than in program.

The concept of community ownership of at least the major instruments of production is not the peculiar property of the Socialist party. Long before

*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. Nov. 23, 1945.

modern theories of Socialism were born the Church had been familiar with economics organized along socialist lines. This was notably true in medieval Spain. Those economics had been encouraged by the Church and were developed under the leadership of monks and priests. They were regarded as natural derivatives in the economic order of the Catholic concept of the social nature of man, the social function of property, and the unity of man in the mystical Body of Christ. They were far more native to Catholic soil than the philosophy and predatory system of the utilitarian individualism which supplanted them. This is why one of the ironies of modern times has been the spectacle of Catholics bitterly opposing measures of social reform deeply rooted in Christian tradition simply because they were also espoused by Socialists.

Catholics have not been altogether to blame. Socialists explicitly repudiated Christianity. Typical of their doctrinaire attitude was August Bebel's dictum: "Christianity and Socialism are like fire and water." In view of this it is naïve to ask why the Church regarded Socialism as a mortal enemy. It is also naïve to expect Catholics always to distinguish between Socialist program and doctrine, since Socialists themselves have so hopelessly confused them.

Preoccupied with antireligious doctrine, the Socialists discredited the constructive features of their program. They dissipated energies in a disastrous effort to secularize society and to

substitute a shallow rationalism for the deepness of Christian faith.

A major difficulty in this question arises for Catholics from the pronouncement of Pope Pius XI: "No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist." But one must be careful not to confuse labels with things. One can easily conclude, as many have, that the hostility is fixed and immutable and that even an effort to explore the possibilities of a rapprochement smacks of disobedience. Yet it is clear from the whole context of *Quadragesimo Anno* that Pius XI does not condemn the program of economic reform. He went out of his way to point out that Socialist "programs often strikingly approach the just demands of Christian social reformers." It follows that those who stand upon a program of Christian social reform will find themselves "strikingly" near to those who stand upon a program of Socialist social reform.

One would never guess this from the tendency of certain Catholics, who have read the social encyclicals either superficially or not at all, to conclude that their Catholicism obliges them to stand as far removed as possible from anything that resembles the Socialist program. One would not be so annoyed were it not for their assumption that, in defending rugged individualism, *laissez-faire* economics, and utilitarian philosophy, they are defending the citadel of the faith.

The reasoning of such persons goes like this: Catholics must condemn Socialism. But nationalization of banks,

mines, railroads, utilities, heavy industries is Socialism. Therefore Catholics must condemn the nationalization of banks, mines, railroads, utilities, heavy industries.

They are victims of that most malignant of all intellectual diseases, the substitution of labels for things. It is not surprising that its victims often condemn in the name of Pius XI measures explicitly defended by Pius XI.

Pius XI pointed out that what the Socialists are often attacking is "that type of social ownership which, in violation of all justice, has been seized and usurped by the owner of wealth." The same Pius XI adds: "This rulership in fact belongs, not to the individual owners, but to the state."

The confusion referred to is more common among Catholics in this country than in Europe. How else explain the tendency of American Catholics to view with alarm the victory of a socialistic British Labor party? Yet the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican organ, looks with evident approval upon the results of the British elections.

Rome is not confused. It understands the difference between socialist programs and doctrine. The Labor party is interested simply in building a more human and just social order.

Pius XI would say that the British Labor party is not truly Socialist. In his view, modern Socialists made their doctrine so integral a part of the movement that he who rejected it would not be a "true Socialist." This contention would be wholeheartedly endorsed by the founders of Socialism, who always

insisted upon this far more emphatically than the Pope.

But there is nothing to prevent the Labor party or others from calling themselves Socialist even though they are not interested in Socialist doctrine. The determinant of a Catholic's attitude is not whether a party calls itself Socialist, but whether it is committed to or inspired by Socialist doctrine.

The Holy See understands this very well. It raises no objection to Catholics belonging to the British Labor party. The Canadian hierarchy, which also evidently understands, sees no reason why Catholics cannot support the Canadian Commonwealth Federation although the CCF is regarded, and regards itself, as Socialistic.

Some will object that, apart from the question of philosophy, there is an irreconcilable conflict between Catholicism and Socialism on the programmatic level because of the latter's denial of the right to private property. A number of things need to be said about this:

1. The denial of the right to private property never properly belonged to the Socialist program but to Socialist doctrine. Having rejected the Christian view of human history and human nature, the founders of Socialism had to find a substitute for original sin. They found it in private property.

2. No Socialist party today calls for abolition of all forms of private property. Though the Socialist program is necessarily empirical, differing in detail from country to country, in general it calls for community ownership of

those industries and services which, either because of their hugeness or their intimate relationship to the common good, cannot safely be left in private hands. Most Socialist programs aim at the restoration to disinherited masses of enjoyment of their right to all the private property of which they have been deprived by capitalism. One ironic paradox has been the spectacle of men defending in the name of private property a system which has made more and more men propertyless.

3. The Catholic position needs clarification. Despite the warnings of Leo XIII, Pius XI, and Pius XII, Catholics have a tendency to think of private property as an absolute right, as an end in itself, and as a primary principle of natural law. They confuse the right to private property with the right to a sufficiency of material goods to live a decent life. This is the absolute right, derogation of which violates a primary principle. The right to private property is but a derivative of this principle and is valid only in terms of its relationship to the end it is supposed to serve. Property is functional in character and the right to private property is also.

A system of property tenure which operates to deprive large numbers of men of the necessities of a good life cannot be defended by invoking the natural right to private property. To do so is to make a mockery of the law. It is this sort of thinking which has so often impeded peaceful reform and has made violent revolution inevitable. Throughout much of the 19th century, efforts to free vast masses of Russian

peasantry from their economic and social misery were defeated or fatally deferred by appeals to the sacred rights of private property. To expropriate and redistribute the great estates was deemed a violation of natural law. The Fathers of the Church would have had fewer scruples. St. Jerome did not hesitate to write that "all riches, being a spoliation of others, are born of injustice."

St. Augustine, in two sentences, illuminates the Catholic position on property, so often poorly understood by Catholics: "The superfluities of the rich are the necessities of the poor. They who possess superfluities, possess the goods of others."

4. Because of the functional nature of property and the dynamic character of society, no single form of property tenure alone meets the requirements of the natural law. On the contrary, a particular form, which under certain conditions functions satisfactorily, in a radically different environment defeats the very purpose of property. Those who think there is something divinely ordained and immutable in property need to be reminded by St. Thomas Aquinas that "human convention rather than natural law brings about a division of property." Consequently, both division and form of property can be changed without necessarily derogating from natural law. They have, in fact, often been changed.

There is no insurmountable obstacle to peaceful relations between Catholicism and Socialism. It is of paramount importance that they do establish

peaceful relations. Only by their collaboration in a spirit of mutual understanding is there any hope for Europe.

If this end is to be achieved the old-line Socialist parties of Europe must rid themselves of the last vestiges of 19th-century doctrinaire mumbo jumbo. To a considerable extent this has already been repudiated. Pope Pius XI frankly admitted as much in *Quadragesimo Anno*.

It would be unrealistic to pretend, however, that the evolution has proceeded to the point where all Socialist parties have so far purged themselves of doctrinaire influences as to remove any basis for Catholic misgivings. Socialism among Anglo-Saxon peoples seems to have advanced more rapidly than Socialism on the Continent. There is somewhat the same difference as between Anglo-Saxon and Continental Masonry. Because of this, as *Osservatore Romano* recently pointed out to Italian Socialists, there is nothing inconsistent in the fact that the Vatican looks upon the British victory with complacency while maintaining strict reserve toward Italian Socialism.

Leon Blum has boasted that "Socialism is master of the present hour." If he meant the Socialist party, his optimism must have been somewhat tempered by results of the elections in France. If he meant the general program of economic reform, then he is right. In that sense Socialism has now its historic chance.

The hour in which the call has come is difficult. If it is to succeed it will need all the support it can get. It must

win the collaboration of Catholics. Catholics need not enlist in Socialist parties. Other parties, young, vigorous, promising, are committed in varying degrees to the program but do not suffer from liabilities of old doctrinaire attitudes. Memories and their influences will for a long time to come prevent sincere Catholics from joining the old-line Socialist parties. But the new progressive parties must cooperate loyally with the Socialist parties—a cooperation foredoomed, if Socialist leaders prove more interested in old discredited doctrines than in building a good human society.

The issue is not between capitalism and socialism. The issue is between freedom and slavery, between democracy and tyranny. It will be resolved in favor of tyranny unless Socialism and Catholicism work together. Catholics must understand that they can go a long way in supporting the economic program of the Socialists. Socialists must understand that Catholics will not cooperate with any party that proposes to destroy their liberties. People are not interested in freedom in the abstract, but only in the concrete as it affects them. If in recent times Catholics have sometimes seemed to stand aloof from "democratic" movements, it has been largely because leadership of those movements has so often succumbed to antireligious orientation. The triumph of such movements has often meant an immediate attack upon the liberties of Catholics. A regime or a party which is sincerely devoted to liberty and democracy will endeavor to

respect and defend the cultural and religious autonomy of all. Europe can learn much from the example of the U. S., where Church and state and people have all prospered because freedom has really meant freedom for all.

If the Socialists are bent upon provoking a tragic conflict, there is one sure formula. Any attempt to secularize society along doctrinaire lines, to interfere with the freedom of the Church in her proper sphere, to destroy Catholic schools, to hamstring Catholic institutions will make conflict inevitable.

Such a conflict will be disastrous for Europe. It will be a tragedy for the Church. It will be fatal to Socialism and its claim that it can achieve its economic objectives without destroying essential human freedoms.

There are other hopeful signs. There is an increasing recognition of the distinction between Socialist doctrine and socialist program, and a realization of the fact that Catholicism and the socialist program hold much in common. Consequently, the parties that are winning the largest measure of Catholic support are new parties committed to programs generally classified as socialist. Socialists have evidenced a desire to avoid conflict with Catholicism, and a growing awareness that the hostility of the past could have been avoided.

It is too early to say whether the cause of mutual understanding and collaboration will triumph. But it must triumph: rapprochement must be achieved. Nothing less is at stake than the future of democracy, of freedom, of Europe.



Fore and Aft

You can preserve fruit under pressure, but not peace.

When gossips get together, wild oats are usually threshed out.

A communist is a person who eats his cake and wants yours, too.

Inflation: the more who ask for an article, the more they ask for it.

In international politics, Russia is the question mark and we're the easy mark.

Then, too, it's easier for a man to make money than for money to make a man.

All Germany needs in its days of repentance is a supply of sackcloth. There are plenty of ashes available.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier*.

Misery

By L. J. FILEWOOD

The fourth horseman rides

Condensed from the *Weekly Review**

Here, in a small German town, the last before entering the Russian zone, there is an appearance of normal life; yet misery is in the air. People move and live in misery; it clogs the feet like thick marshland; one smells it. The people who live in the town are the least miserable; the floating population, trying to live somewhere, are miserable enough; but the people who pass through, Germans and others, wearing a stony, untouchable expression, have reached the very base of misery.

Small children, with large heads that wobble on shrunken necks, infest the area where the troops are billeted. Every particle of leftover food, whatever its condition, is carried away.

The railway station is congested with people: mothers with their babies, little groups of all ages, old men, alone. Some have passes authorizing a journey, and wait with animal patience for trains that may arrive sooner or later. Others have no passes, yet still hope to travel; for it is better to move about aimlessly than to rot in one place. Yet others have no intention of traveling. The station is their home as long as they can cling to it; for at least it affords a little cover from the weather.

Along the roads, huge trucks loaded with people move to various objectives. The faces of the people are ciphers. What hope they have does not reach

their eyes. Everywhere, men and women are tramping with packs on their backs, going merely from somewhere to somewhere else. Great numbers, by one illicit means or another, cross daily from the Russian zone. Whether they will be better off ultimately on this side or that is a matter of conjecture; but on the British side they can cling stubbornly to life on their own soil without risk of sudden transportation to England or one of her remote colonies.

Young girls, unattached, wander about and freely offer themselves, for food or a bed. Many look like daughters of decent families, pleasant, well-mannered girls, their faces grave, betraying no emotion. In this wholesale abandonment of old and honorable feminine standards there has been, beyond doubt, great bewilderment and suffering, but they embrace misery quite deliberately, to escape the extremes of privation, destitution, and probable death. Very simply, they have one thing left to sell, and they sell it. Of infinite value before it is bartered, once bartered it becomes unspeakably cheap. Either it is worth everything, or next to nothing. As a way of dying it may be worse than starvation, but it will put off dying for months—or even years.

Sometimes girls are smuggled by a guard on to a freight train. This gives

*21 Essex St., Strand, W.C.2, London, England. Oct. 25, 1945.

them two or three nights under cover, though the cover is no more than a roof, and they share the guard's rations. With luck, the same guard will bring them back on a returning train and they will have lived in reasonable comfort for a week. If their technique is good and they do not fall ill, they may weather the winter.

In all this, there is not much evidence of misery; there is even a show of brittle gaiety; for what man will encumber himself with a miserable girl! The forcible carrying away of the Trojan women, human misery wailing, as it were, across the centuries, here becomes a cry suffocated in the throat of womanhood, for now they are not even carried away and cared for in captivity. They must embrace misery of their own will, offer themselves as slaves, since prostitution for a bare subsistence, without the earnings that may procure an even temporary refuge, is no more than a kind of haphazard and insecure order of slavery.

The German authorities can do little. The British military government is working hard, but against enormous odds. Remedial measures may be applied, but not in correspondence with the magnitude of the problem.

When the Black Death swept like a cyclone across Europe there was a

problem of similar dimensions and it was solved—by the Black Death. The solution of the present problem may well follow the same course, solution by death, the death of millions during the bleak winter months in desolated Europe. If people are willing to die quietly, the solution will, in that sense, be simple; if they are not, it will be complicated by rioting and massacre, looting and shooting, anarchy and execution. Death just the same, but more of it and more violent!

This enormous mass of misery will not be altogether without mitigation, for in the midst of it there will yet be a good deal of natural affection, however shattered; the flowering of young love, however emaciated; the living light of charity, the mystical flame of devotion, the satisfactions of prayer, and the bitter ecstasies of fasting—yes, even fasting, for mothers will never cease to give deliberately to their children the little bread for which their own flesh is raging.

But the pale, ghostly glow of Francesca and Paolo moving uncertainly in the midst of the inferno does not diminish but makes more intense the surrounding darkness. Out of the heart of that darkness, Central and Eastern Europe will rise again, but in what likeness no man can say.



Heads

The heads of some persons can be turned so easily that the only difference between their heads and doorknobs is the heads might have hair on them.

O. A. Battista.

A Cardinal Fights for Labor

By COVELLE NEWCOMB

Condensed chapter of a book*

Courage with a Red Hat

In the autumn of 1886, the Cardinal of Quebec and the as yet unvested Cardinal of Baltimore, though friends, found themselves in bitter opposition. The bone of contention was the Order of the Knights of Labor, a labor union founded in the U. S. shortly after the Civil War.

Cardinal Taschereau had resolved to have membership in the Knights condemned for Catholic Canadians. In his eyes, it was anti-Church, secret, and a path to revolution. His convictions carried their weight in Rome. The Holy Office decreed a spiritual death sentence, excommunication, for Catholic Knights in Canada.

Cardinal Gibbons was shocked into action; for this could mean only one thing: the extreme penalty would reach to the U. S. In 17 years the Order had gained more than a million members, many thousands of them Catholics.

But even greater than his fear of the ban was his determination to repel it. To do this, Cardinal Gibbons began a thorough investigation of the Knights of Labor, and instantly left himself wide open to the hostility of the whole Canadian hierarchy, to most of his own, the powerful Holy Office, and American papal!

In a mere moment, it seemed, the bright flame of his popularity burned

out. A few months before, the nation had acclaimed his rise to the cardinalate. Now the public eye lit up with a fierce gleam, and saw his every move in a grossly false light. He wished to rule America! He coaxed confidences out of Grover Cleveland! He had visions of dictating the President's policies! Then, because he was fighting only for the oppressed, Cardinal Gibbons, the selfless priest who had worked all his life to help his fellow men and be a friend to everyone, had become a menace! His opponents called him radical, anarchist, upstart, enemy of the rich. Capitalistic fury thrashed at his probings into factories, wages, hours, working conditions. It reached flood tide, but could not drown his courage nor wash him out of the chaos by its waves of fanatical accusations.

Yet Cardinal Gibbons thought his popularity a small price to pay for knowing facts that might save the faith of thousands. He saw it all as a question of knowing the truth. By the time he had examined the laws, demands, and rights of labor, and conferred with Terence Powderly, the Master Workman and a very fervent Catholic, alone and with the President, he knew all there was to know.

Cardinal Taschereau's fears, although genuine, were groundless. Nothing in

*Larger Than the Sky. 1945. Longmans, Green & Co., 55 5th Ave., New York City.

the Order was contrary to the teachings of the Church. It was not "secret," except to the extent that it conducted its business in closed meetings for self-protection against capitalistic enemies, and of this kind of secrecy Cardinal Gibbons wholly approved. Besides, the wealth of confidential information freely given to Cardinal Gibbons and President Cleveland by the Knights removed all charges of secrecy or danger to the government. On the contrary, labor wanted state and national supervision, and Cardinal Gibbons was out to see that labor got what it wanted. It was his persuasive argument in behalf of the American workingman that led President Cleveland to found the first federal Department of Labor in the history of the country.

But he'd only gone half the way. There was still the workingman's soul to fight for, and that fight he would have to wage alone. The liberal Presbyterian President gave him full support at home, but there was nothing he could do when it came to Rome. Cardinal Gibbons faced danger as surely as saints had faced fire. Fearlessly he contradicted the view of the Church officials. With the same frank courage, he wrote to the Secretary of Propaganda and deplored the impatience of the Holy Office. But he hadn't succeeded in changing matters one iota. The protest was not replied to; the ban still held. And there wasn't a priest in the world who believed that the Holy Office could be talked out of a decree it had passed.

Cardinal Gibbons called to Balti-

more the 12 archbishops of the U. S. The 12 arrived, among them some of the most learned men in the country. Very soon, Cardinal Gibbons realized exactly where he stood—practically alone. He was forced to admit that he had but two supporters in his own country, Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane, and Cardinal Manning in England. Four against the world!

He had been lost in deep reflection when he rose suddenly and said, his voice vibrant, "For the last time, I implore you to consider the facts; not Cardinal Taschereau's, but the proofs which I have obtained from the Knights of Labor. In all conscience, you cannot find the ban just. You cannot let thousands of Catholic workingmen be driven from the Church without trying to save them. If we allow the ban to exist, the results will be disastrous. For nearly 1900 years our Church has been the protector of the poor. If this error continues, she will become the oppressor of the poor, a foe to freedom, and defender of the rights of the rich! It will mean the reversal of her long history, of all that she stands for and has suffered for. Our Catholic workingmen love the Church; they wish to save their souls; but they must also earn a living, and labor is now so organized that without belonging to the union it is almost impossible to earn one's living."

For a second or two he was silent, his eyes scanning the 12 who sat very still and made no answer. God help him. He could not make enemies of all these prelates with whom he had

to work. Tugging at his cross, he said: "Let me repeat, it is impossible to read revolution into demands which are nothing more than a plan for better living, and if the laborer hasn't a right to this, no one has! He faces the daily risk of losing his sight, his limbs, his life, of falling ill because of wretched working conditions. A sick man loses his job, a jobless man is without money. He becomes a public charge, loses his hope, his ambition. And added to that, you are willing to let him lose his soul without putting up a fight! I say again, there is nothing revolutionary, unpatriotic or irreligious in a man wanting weekly wages, an eight-hour work day, the abolishment of child labor and healthy surroundings in which to work. The aims of the Knights are more than reasonable; they are noble! To defend labor from degradation, to divest it of evils which ignorance and greed have imposed; to rescue the toiler from the grasp of the selfish. . . ."

There was another pause. Once more collecting himself, he said, "To me, the poor mean something, their protection means something, and their souls mean everything! I will go to any lengths to 'rescue the toiler,' to guard America's respect for the Church, to prevent the Church from appearing before the people of America as a foe to freedom. Whatever your position, mine remains. I am going to Rome. I shall put the case of the Knights of Labor before the most just of men, Leo XIII. I intend to fight until the Curia is persuaded to lift the ban!"

With his own declaration came a

sense of peace. It was as urgent to him to see the Church cleared of this error as it was to free the Catholic laborer of its effect.

Hardly had he finished speaking when a prelate rose, aghast at the Cardinal's vehemence. "Your Eminence, never in the history of the Church has any man succeeded in that which you propose to attempt. No decree ratified by the Holy Father has ever been revoked. It is unutterably daring and quite impossible. I beg your Eminence to consider wisely. . . ."

"I have considered, your Grace."

And then a remarkable thing happened. Even though they believed that what he hoped to do was humanly impossible, they gave him their support. His courage and candor had carried its own message to the archbishops. When the conference closed, only two were against his stand and ten were with him!

One late, foggy afternoon in January, 1887, Cardinal Gibbons boarded a steamer at the foot of the Battery in New York harbor. He was bound for Rome, to receive the Red Hat and to finish his fight for labor. No one who saw him standing unruffled, serene, greeting strangers with a warm smile, would have dreamed that he was sailing straight into trouble. And trouble was nearer than Rome!

Strolling the deck, he suddenly saw a distinguished figure surrounded by a crowd of well-wishers. He, too, was going to Rome; to receive the Red Hat and to finish his fight against labor. For a fraction of a moment, Cardinal

Gibbons was filled with mixed feelings of shock, confusion and defeat. But he rallied quickly. As soon as he had got his breath back, he walked up to the prelate and tapped him lightly on the arm, saying pleasantly, "Good evening, Cardinal Taschereau."

Cardinal Gibbons' arrival in Rome was politely ignored. His constant appeals were met without replies. There were no signs of weakening in the rock-firm Curia. Letters rolled off his pen to no avail. Again and again he called on officials of the Holy Office. They listened without moving a muscle to what he had to say, yet Cardinal Gibbons knew that those hostile to the Knights were being heard with a lively awareness. But if his visits were received with rigid silence by members of the Holy Office, the public was not taking them quietly. The press poked fun at his dogged persistence. Little sneering jests were stirred up among people like a nest of hornets. The jeers stung. He was white meat for cartoonists. *Puck* showed him raising both hands in blessing over a rowdy-looking gang of laborers giving chase to a non-union worker.

With a stony calm he kept right on, took it all in his stride, smiled at the grotesque caricatures of himself. However, toward the middle of February, his forced serenity gave way to outright desperation. On the 20th, nearly a month to the day before he was to receive the Red Hat, he tightened his lips in resolution and sat down to the business of writing one last letter to Cardinal Simeoni, the Prefect of the

Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the same prelate to whom nearly a year before he had written his regret at Rome's haste in issuing the ban against the Knights.

The letter was posted. It was received. But the recipient was not stirred to a reply. When it became evident to Cardinal Gibbons that his final appeal had not taken effect either on the Prefect or on the fatal decree, he found himself with but one chance left. It was a highly daring chance, daring even for a Cardinal, but he took it. Mustering his courage, he called on one of the most important officials in the Church, the Commissary of the Holy Office.

Again his words were met with an aggravating silence. The want of sympathy for his cause had extended to the Commissary. There was not even a stern denial of his ideas, only a blank wall of muteness. At last—he was human, not made of marble—his patience snapped. On rare occasions Cardinal Gibbons lost his temper. This was one of them. He did what probably no other man had ever done: he gave the Commissary a warning! Not a mild caution, but an emphatic roll of thunder. Unless the Commissary changed his point of view, he, Cardinal Gibbons, would hold him directly responsible before God for the needless loss of thousands of American souls!

It was not an easy threat for any man with a conscience to ignore. For several minutes he regarded Cardinal Gibbons with a stare of incredulity, as much as to say, "I cannot believe my ears but . . ." Yes, there was a *but*,

and it took Cardinal Gibbons' breath—"but I will consider the question!"

Shortly after, and greatly to Cardinal Gibbons' amazement, cablegrams of congratulation came pouring in from America and England! Friends of labor and foes who had become friends because of his history-making letter to Cardinal Simeoni, loudly voiced their praise of his stand.

His letter? But how on earth had this happened? The letter was written and sent to Cardinal Simeoni, not to the world! The Holy Office had neither replied to nor condoned it. There had been no further word from the Commissary; yet here was a mounting pile of mail and cablegrams saying, in effect, "Wonderful! You've done it!" His strong ally, Cardinal Manning, hoped it would "open a new field of thought and action." What had he done? There must be some terrible mistake.

There was no mistake. The world had read his letter; the world was in a marvelous upheaval over it. But the blame, if blame it was, lay not upon himself. It rested upon the nerve and daring of a Rome reporter for the *New York Herald*. By hook or crook, he had

managed to obtain a copy of the letter. He knew a great document when he saw one, knew its value as news. Quicker than a flash, Cardinal Gibbons' masterwork on labor was run off the presses of American and European newspapers, to become the talk of the world.

The letter suddenly assumed immense importance in the Holy Office. Pope Leo XIII studied it, summoned its author, heard his frank presentation of the case, and instantly came to his help. One word from the Pope, and an ancient rule was broken. The decree was revoked! The ban was lifted. And Leo XIII publicly expressed the papal good will for the Knights of Labor, not only permitting but urging Catholic labor to join the union saved by Cardinal Gibbons, which in time was to become the American Federation of Labor.

Because of his fearless perseverance, a dreadful mistake had been remedied and the labor movement throughout the world was to feel the benefits of its correction. The Church remained protector of the poor, and kept its hold on the affection and respect of his countrymen.



Since the inauguration of Washington there have been nearly 40 presidential elections. In none of them have the Archbishops and Bishops of the nation seen a moral issue sufficiently clear-cut to impel them to counsel Catholics that the interests of religion or morality made it advisable or necessary for them to vote for or against a certain candidate or party. In none of them have Catholics as a body given their support to one candidate or party. In none of them has there been a "Catholic vote."

The Catholic News (18 Nov. '44).

Genial Genius

By JERRY COTTER

Going his own way

Out Hollywood way an astute artisan is proving again that simplicity and sincerity pay honest dividends at the box office. Surprised though competitors may be, Leo McCarey is not. He has been an exponent of that *credo* since the lean days of his brief career as a lawyer.

The author-director-producer of the phenomenal *Going My Way* and its current companion piece, *The Bells of St. Mary's*, has mastered the trick of transferring basic truths into universally entertaining terms. He has snared all the honors that publicity-minded screenedom can bestow, yet hasn't allowed one iota of the praise to affect his sense of values.

Soon after his graduation from the University of Southern California law school, young McCarey was taking his first, experimental steps in the sacrosanct precincts of Justice. A tall Superman entered his office one day with a tale of woe. After years of mistreating him, his wife was topping the cruelty of their married life by suing for divorce. The man didn't want the separation, but he didn't have enough money to fight the case. Would Mr. McCarey . . . ? It was a situation to bring out the finest qualities in any man, even when he was a struggling young lawyer. Mr. McCarey certainly would!

Came the trial—and as the movie titles of that era proclaimed—also the

dawn! The "cruel" wife appeared in court, a woe-sized creature followed by a small boy bearing the marks of a severe beating. They each took the stand and related tales of bullying, harshness, and starvation that brought audible sniffles from the crowded courtroom.

When the time came for Defense Attorney McCarey to state his case, he jumped up and requested an adjournment. "What for?" asked the judge.

"So this bully can go out and get himself another lawyer," roared Leo, violating the ethics of his profession and infuriating his herculean client.

The outspoken attorney was pursued down Los Angeles streets that day, but easily succeeded in outdistancing his irate pursuer. That angry client didn't catch up with McCarey, but he did chase him right out of the law and into the business of making movies. His ire was indirectly responsible for bringing the McCarey touch to a screen in desperate need of his logic, faith, and homey, wholesome humor.

French-Irish Leo is a Californian, who paid his way through law school by falling down an elevator shaft, breaking both legs, and using the settlement fund for tuition. He is married to his school-day sweetheart, Stella Martin, and they have a 17-year-old daughter, Mary.

For a time, Leo was quite serious about becoming an amateur boxer and

made a name for himself in Los Angeles fistic circles. Then he turned his attention to song writing, but his best efforts never provided serious competition to Jimmy McHugh or Irving Berlin. Yet he tries and tries and tries.

His career in the studios during the last 20 years has ranged from the very lowest to the highest rung of the ladder. He has served as script checker, assistant to the assistant director's assistant, gag writer, director, and producer. His record in the latter two departments is now legendary, with films like *Love Affair*, *The Milky Way*, *The Awful Truth*, and *Going My Way* already screen history and *The Bells of St. Mary's* pointing the way to new honors and more Academy awards.

One of the few directors to retain the outspoken admiration of the stars who work under him, McCarey is an unusual worker. Accomplishing wonders without any of the exhibitionistic orgies indulged in by Hollywood's accented geniuses, he has been known to sit around on the set for almost half a day picking out tunes on the piano, harmonizing and joshing until the cast had ironed out its nerve tangles. Then the company gets down to business

and the scene is shot efficiently and with the genial, easygoing touch that has become the McCarey trademark.

That is one reason why actors have only the kindest words for Leo. Another, less publicized, is in full view in *The Bells of St. Mary's*. Appearing in the film as one of the nuns is Eva Novak, who was at one time an important movie luminary. She had been the star of the first feature-length picture McCarey directed. The passing of time is not always kind, and Miss Novak's career, which had been flourishing, declined and finally ended completely. When Leo was casting for *The Bells*, he sent for her to enact the role of eldest nun in the school. More than a gesture, his act was characteristic of the man whose Catholicity is evident in both his life and his work.

From Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Charles Boyer, Bing Crosby, William Gargan right down to the struggling extras, they are all McCarey fans out in Hollywood. The genial genius who writes, directs, and produces films which reflect the simple dignity of life in an infectiously entertaining fashion has several million rooters on the audience side, as well.



Once Again

As for the general view that the Church was discredited by the war, they might as well say that the Ark was discredited by the flood. When the world goes wrong, it proves rather that the Church is right.

From *The Everlasting Man* by Gilbert Keith Chesterton (Dodd, 1925).

The Cross in the Rhineland

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Charity will bear it

Condensed from *The Sign**

"These people," my Tennessee driver said to me one morning, "is just like the folks back home. Only they ain't got nothing." One who remembers what German Catholicism was before the war could hardly think of a more appropriate description.

I went to Mass occasionally at one of the few surviving Frankfort churches. The roof had been blown half off by a bomb. You cannot enter by the main door because bedsteads and tables, brought there during the war by homeless families, are still piled up high inside. Rain dribbles down through the ceiling and spatters on the bald heads of kneeling men. Gusts of wind blow out the candles on the altar, and acolytes hurry to light them anew. Yet this is a very fortunate city church. In Mannheim there is no roof or ceiling. Nearly all the old churches of Trier are in ruins. In Cologne you must walk miles for Mass. Debris still clutters up the floor of Cologne cathedral, and the snow will soon lie in drifts there. I suppose I missed most the church of St. Andrew, where the bones of St. Albertus Magnus rest beneath a tragic heap of rubble.

And what is the human task which must be performed against that background of desolation? I should like to illustrate. One Sunday morning I bought a copy of the little yellow par-

ish paper. In many districts it is still impossible to get permission to print even a catechism, but in this town there was a paper in which I was startled to find an article written by a friend whom the nazis had sent to Dachau when they occupied Vienna in 1938. We had thought him dead. But he still breathed and was writing about the things he had endured. When I met him I saw his wife Lisa, too. She had been young and proud and blonde when Hitler came. Her red-headed baby was just a year old then. And now? I fought off an impulse to kneel and kiss her hand. Have you ever seen Donatello's haggard Mary Magdalen in the Florence baptistry? Lisa was just like that. Her husband had gone to Vienna, slipped through the Russian lines, and brought her out. She had not eaten for days. The bones of her body were where once her flesh had been.

Lisa is a woman, and woman is the key to the task to which I have referred. When a Christian looks about him in Europe today and thinks of what must be done, the first thing he must face is the burden which has lain so heavily upon the daughters of Eve. It is as if woman had been standing alone in a great field with her children scattered far—alone past the fringe of sadness and into the bitter realm of hysteria and fear. As the bombs fell she

**Union City N. J. December, 1945.*

went to another place, always to another place, to a cousin who had an attic or to a stranger with a stone in his heart. She was also with the harvest from the sowing to the reaping, under the storm and sun. She rattled along in charge of the minor mechanisms of urban living; she was chained to the trip hammer and the forge. She was all the old pastor saw when he turned to read the Gospel. They took her brood from her and sent them to huddle in strange camps. She does not know, even yet, where her children are.

Over her land, whatever land it may have been, great armies passed to and fro. They were hosts of brave men trained for battle. For the soldier she had an acrid sweetness, quickly tossed aside; and for her he had food and a harsh caress. By reason of him she could live a while more, just a little while more, and so she would soon forget that it was a pity her daughters had sinned. Sometimes I close my eyes and try to forget the sisters of Lisa, who chose the easier way out of their sad plight. But the Christian cannot forget. He remembers the long rows of houses where lights once burned and children played, to which men came home at night with their brief cases and their wages. There was then a point of rest in the world over which women spread a white cloth with a smile. It was from this cloth that the earth was fed the meaning and the mystery of life. That cloth is gone.

A great and heroic German Bishop talked with me about the significance of all this for his country, and he said,

"How shall we rebuild the mind and heart of man for the future? Can there be any point in lining children up in straight rows and saying, 'Now, my dears, be good little democrats and make faces at Hitler, Laval, Mussolini,' when there is no place to which a child can go and find a wall that will not cave in or a hand in which his own fingers can be warm? Do you keep a straight face when you speak of an 'education program' in a society which spins round the only axis that is still an axis, namely, what can I do to eat, and how can I get what somebody else has got? You have said it all when you say that Europe is now a place where woman has lost her perennial fight for decency because the indecent alone live. Her children have been whirled into chaos. Freedom from want and fear? Why, these children are free in a way few people as yet understand. They are free of all the yesterdays. There is not one maxim in your copy-books they have not forgotten. Do you suppose they are not quite sure that whoever can get hold of an oxygen bomb can steal the world?"

Those words apply to other countries equally well, but they go to the heart of the human problem in Germany. One, unfortunately, cannot say that they are understood. I have no desire to criticize the occupying armies. There are many able, far-seeing men in them. But the fact of the matter is that there is practically no meeting of minds between those armies and the Church. So much has been said propagandistically about the alleged alliance between

Catholics and "fascism" that many Americans are afraid of either giving aid and comfort to the enemy or of being accused at home of having done so. Every statement by a Bishop is read through a magnifying glass lest a strand of nazi doctrine escape undetected. When a religious publisher requests permission to do some printing, the result is little more than embarrassment. Even the meeting of the Bishops at Fulda was scrutinized by a suspicious observer. Do not attribute too much blame to the men at the difficult military-government posts. The trouble is that the story of Catholic resistance to naziism is neither known nor understood over here in America, and that every effort is made in certain pro-communist quarters to becloud it. And, of course, another difficulty is that when someone speaks as the Bishop I have quoted spoke, he inevitably sounds like an advocate of a "soft peace," and that apparently is the most hideous of crimes. If only we could begin to realize that starvation and justice are not one and the same thing!

Most of the young Catholics believe that it is far too early to talk of campaigns of parties. Insofar as plans for political organization are being discussed, sentiment seems overwhelmingly in favor of joining with followers of the Protestant Confessional church in forming a Christian Social party. Loyal Protestants are deeply respected in Catholic circles, and it cannot be stressed too frequently that the sincerity and sacrifice of their pastors under naziism are very moving.

The poverty of the masses is indescribable. Literally nothing can be purchased, and the supply of food will far from suffice to nourish the population. Except for those who can establish contact with members of the armed forces, Germans can get nothing, from soap to shoes. There is practically no industrial activity. It is under such conditions that the educational reclamation of Germany is being undertaken. The Bishops have argued that the Confessional schools should be re-established, and in all probability such schools will be set up in many places simply because the combing out of nazi teachers can be effected in no other way. Fortunately, a far larger number of Catholic scholars and intellectuals have survived than one had believed possible. There have been grave losses. The mass execution which followed the attempt on Hitler's life in July, 1944, removed many of the most brilliant and promising men. They died with exemplary fortitude; they will be remembered as heroes, but their places cannot be filled. Even so, one can say that the Church faces the future certain that it can rely on many trained minds, both clerical and lay, whose conduct during the nazi period is above all reproach. I have talked to quite a number of those men and women. They realize as fully as we do what evils were wrought by Hitler, and they are also under no illusions about the future. Most of them have been in prison.

One very difficult problem they face is that of the spread of communism. Talking about this is not easy in Ger-

many because every overt reference to the danger smacks of an effort to "divide the Allies." Of course, it is true that reactionary Germans have made just such attempts. But in view of existing economic conditions, and in view also of the complete lack of sound moral training of youth, Catholics confront a very real danger. As someone put it, "The trouble is not that boys and girls have been taught racism, the Hitler salute, and other things. It is rather that they have been taught nothing else." The communist movement provides excellent camouflage for former nazi sympathizers as well as for other enemies of Christian moral principles. One might be less pessimistic about the outcome if some highly placed American did not automatically classify each and every Catholic as a reactionary.

In short, what we are now witnessing is a decisive hour in the history of civilization. It had always seemed to me personally that once the challenge of nazism had been met and defeated, the opportunity for a Christian rebirth would be very great, indeed. I am no longer sure of that. The evils of apostasy and war have cut so deep that the very heart of Europe has been infected. In Germany the Church does not have to worry about intellectual and spiritual leadership. That it can count on. What must be feared is our collective inability to wean the masses of men from a tendency to be concerned solely with the struggle of existence. The trouble is not so much that the line of

demarcation between justice and injustice has been blurred. It is rather that something like a trap door has closed on the majority of the people, concealing from view all the higher and nobler things of life.

I can explain what I mean by citing two anecdotes. One day I met two German communists who had returned from a stay in a youth camp where they had attempted to find out what the boys and girls were thinking. So appalled had they been by the nihilism they had discerned that they agreed in saying that only a revival of Christian schools could help prepare the way for the future.

The other illustrative story is this. Hogan was an Irishman from Texas. You might consider him too used to the Army game; he had been through all the big battles, and there was scarce a rope he had not tried to the end. But just before he went back home Hogan confessed to me that he was worried about an old lady. One evening he had seen her trying to scrape something out of a garbage pail. And so he took her home and fed her parts of expropriated rations because, oh well, just because, somehow, she was an old lady.

Hogan struck music there, it seems to me, because he saw without being too philosophic about it that there comes a time when justice alone can no longer keep the world alive. Christian education? Of course. But Christianity is not in the classroom only. By charity alone is the world redeemed. I can't help it. I didn't say it first.

Surrender in Tokyo Bay

By PAUL L. O'CONNOR, S.J.

Condensed from *America**

Spaghetti gets cold

The time was Sept. 2, 1945. The *Missouri* was lying at anchor in Tokyo bay. But this tale is not so much of pens scratching finale to a global war, as of a battered mess table, a spotted table cover, and a kid from Jersey fingering his rosary.

For the kid from Jersey the ceremony was a time of dreary waiting, relieved only by MacArthur's speech piped over the loudspeakers, and his rosary.

But it was the officer in charge of arrangements who needed the consolation of a Rosary. The British had been granted permission to supply the table on which the surrender was to be signed. From the battleship *King George V* they brought over an oaken table, graceful, polished, and most appropriate for dignified ceremonies. But it proved too small to hold the jumbo-sized surrender documents. Thus, 15 minutes before the ceremony began, the officer was faced with the problem of improvising a table.

The crew ate from spindly-legged, battered metal tables: no beauties, but large and serviceable; and their ungainly appearance could be hidden by a large green cover from a wardroom mess table. Then it was discovered that all the table covers were spotted. At last a cover was found whose coffee stain was in the center, and the sur-

render documents were placed exactly over the spot.

General MacArthur was affected by the proceedings. Though his voice was firm, almost harsh, his hands and knees shook noticeably. The 11 representatives of the Japanese government were stoical. They displayed no emotion, except perhaps for a hint of weariness in the attitude of the one-legged Shigemitsu leaning on his cane, hand on hip. Individually they were correct, firm. But as a group, seen from above, they appeared weak, small, and isolated, spread out trying to fill up as large a space on the deck as the 130 representatives of the United Nations.

Finally MacArthur glared at the Japanese and in a harsh voice announced that the proceedings were closed and they should now depart. It was probably the most poorly obeyed order MacArthur ever gave. For at least five minutes the Japanese refused to accept their copy of the surrender document. A keen-eyed adviser to Shigemitsu had caught the Canadian representative's error in signing on the wrong line, which threw out of place all those who signed after him, so that their signatures did not agree with the captions beneath. The Japanese envoys consulted and talked and gesticulated, but refused to accept the document until General Sutherland sat down at the

* 329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. Dec. 1, 1945.

table, laboriously scratched out the old captions, and wrote in correct ones. In silence, the Japanese walked by the big main battery and down the ladder.

No one realized just then that the table would be historic. Wearily, the junior officer in charge of arrangements delegated a working party to haul it back to the crew's mess. That noon, someone with a sense of history predicted that the Smithsonian would be looking for it. A chef was delegated to rescue it from the mess hall. He found eight healthy gobs stoking spaghetti off it. He tried to take it. They kept on eating. He argued. They placidly ate on. He told them he had to have it; the Smithsonian would rate it as one of their prize exhibits. Finally one of the sailors stopped long enough to say, "Listen, brother, the Smithsonian can wait. But this spaghetti, it gets cold, see." Later the table was rescued.

After Mass that afternoon I met the kid from Jersey and asked him what he was doing during the ceremony.

"I was saying my Rosary, Father," he said, and held up the beads I had given him a few days before; "saying the Rosary that the braid up front would make this thing last. I never want my kids to go through what I did."

"Come, you didn't have such a tough time."

"Maybe not, Father. I wasn't wounded, I didn't have to lie in a foxhole on a beach. I was on a ship all the time. But I went through what everyone who's in the service goes through. I forget I'm a human being after a while. I'm just a number. I do things when they tell me. I've got no privacy. I sleep and eat and wash with a hundred other guys, all the time yelling, all the time cussing. We hit the beach and everyone's talking about women. We come back from the beach and they're still talking about women. It's a mean, dirty, stinking existence."

He wasn't the type to grow eloquent: "You know what I mean, don't you, Father?"

I knew what he meant.



First and Second

We are only just beginning to understand how intimately and profoundly the vitality of a society is bound up with its religion. It is the religious impulse which supplies the cohesive force which unifies a society and a culture. The great civilizations of the world do not produce the great religions as a kind of cultural by-product; in a very real sense the great religions are the foundations on which the great civilizations rest. A society which has lost its religion becomes sooner or later a society which has lost its culture.

From Progress and Religion by Christopher Dawson (Sheed: 1938).

Costa Rica: A Rural Democracy

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

Jeep is for justice

Condensed from *World Affairs**

Costa Rica is one of the most thoroughly democratic states of the Western Hemisphere. Although its people are predominantly Spanish, often described superficially as unfitted for self-government, they have managed to create a republic notable for orderliness. Surrounded by countries where agitation, unrest and even revolutions abound, Costa Ricans seem to have discovered the formula for quiet, unspectacular progress. Costa Rica (or Rich Coast) lives up to its name as a region rich in the best values realizable in a rural democracy.

Evolution of rural democracy in Costa Rica stems from diverse causes:

1. Relatively wide distribution of land ownership.
2. Fairly homogeneous white population.
3. Deep, practical interest in education.
4. Climate unspoiled by extremes of altitude or temperature.
5. Expanding birth rate.
6. Well-balanced economy, with imports never greatly in excess of exports.

Redistribution of land, described as "the perennial football of Latin-American politics," has constituted the basis for democracy. In 1572, while children of the original *conquistadores* were still in the land, the 55 Spanish families in and around Cartago, Costa Rica's pioneer community, faced an agonizingly painful dilemma: either they would have to plough their own fields and

produce their own grains, fruits and vegetables, or they would be doomed. In other parts of Hispanic America, proud, though penniless, *hidalgos* and swineherds resorted to the importation of slaves and to tenant farming to escape the fancied indignity of manual labor. Vast estates in Argentina, Chile, Peru, and Guatemala, still intact, bear testimony to the tenacity of a landed aristocracy.

In Costa Rica alone was the dilemma resolved in favor of personal service. Only there did Spaniards (or Portuguese) turn their backs upon the delights of the bowerlike hacienda, where lords and ladies of the manor adorned the center of a multicolored picture whose frame was compounded of the sweat, blood, and anguish of thousands of Negroes, Indians, mulattoes, quadroons, octaroons, and mestizos. They elected to do farm work themselves, perhaps not so much because of virtue or farsighted wisdom but because they saw slave merchants were uninterested in a remote market where the profits would be infinitesimal compared to fortunes to be gained in the lush fields of Cuba, Santo Domingo and Brazil. They tilled the soil and built their homes without field hands or house boys. As a result, they formed a democracy of small farmers, each working his own acres without

*Washington, D. C. September, 1945.

loss of self-respect or social prestige.

Was it fate that the subsoil of the "Rich Coast" contained no mineral wealth, either in "black gold" or its more ancient rival? While other pioneers dashed off in mad pursuit of silver, emeralds, platinum or diamonds, Costa Ricans remained loyal to the land. Until the 1820's, the country, although ruffled by occasional political storms, managed to lay foundations for a sane, self-governing community in the era of independence.

Then in 1825, when Spanish domination had become history, they were the first Latin Americans to find foreign markets for coffee. A suitably prolonged dry season, mild temperatures, and porous volcanic soil made a perfect combination. But Costa Ricans were quick to take the initiative. Opportunity came because they had exploited the soil rather than their fellow men. They now had a crop to export and to tax. The coffee rush was on and, by 1829, coffee had become the chief product, a pre-eminence it retains. Costa Rican coffee not only enjoys primacy among tropical crops of the home economy; it maintains a superiority of aroma and taste everywhere. Colombians alone have a right to dispute this claim.

It may be appropriate to insert two footnotes on coffee culture in Middle America. The first person to introduce the plant to this part of the world was a parish priest, Padre Félix Velarde. He brought in some seed from the Antilles, where the Arabian variety was making a good showing. In this

way, Padre Félix gave Costa Rica her motto: *In hoc signo vinces*. It was a peaceful victory, based on widely distributed land ownership and a highly specialized coffee culture.

The second item is equally interesting. Early in the last century, a widow, Ramona Jiménez de Peralta, found herself penniless, with seven young children. A charming lady of good family, she might easily have captured another man and played a brilliant role in "*la gran vida de salón*" (the career of a stylish society matron). Instead, Doña Ramona tamed the jungle. This meant plunging into the wilderness around Cartago, with "a compass in one hand and a machete in the other." The widow succeeded where men had failed. Thanks to her intelligence and industry, sugarcane, coffee trees, and cattle began to thrive in the clearings carved out of tropical underbrush. Her fame still clings to the land, enriching the democratic traditions.

Prior to her project, the section around Turrialba had been notorious as a wild and rugged terrain, hostile to man. Today it is rich, alluvial soil, where almost every fruit, grain, bush and tree growable in the tropics can be cultivated. Here, in and around Turrialba, authorities of other American republics, including the U. S., have established the institute which employs scientists and research workers in the cause of bigger and better harvests. Large fruit companies have a huge stake in this center.

Although banana culture, coffee, and vegetable production rank high at

the Institute of Tropical Agriculture, other experiments are under way, for example, to raise a species of henequen (suggested substitute for manila hemp) that, like the Far-Eastern product, will resist rot in salt water. Research workers at Turrialba intend to concentrate upon industrial commodities as well as foods or beverages. War in the Pacific focused interest on the institute's experimentations with rubber, drugs, tropical woods, and chemicals useful against tropical disease.

There is no race conflict in Costa Rican rural democracy. Nor is there any appreciable race consciousness. The small Colored group introduced by the United Fruit Co. from Jamaica confined itself largely to the coastal banana plantations. More recently, due to a blight which destroyed many banana trees, some Negro workers have migrated to the Pacific coast or settled in remote highland areas. At the Spanish conquest not more than 8,000 Indians inhabited this region. Their descendants are now on reservations.

When banana disease limited work on the fertile Atlantic side, the Colored people showed remarkable adaptability. Dropped from the payrolls of the big American fruit corporations, the Negroes resorted to subsistence farming. Thanks to a few fruit trees, melon patches, kitchen gardens, and a flock of chickens, one-time field hands are making a good living. Impartial observers declare that Colored workers are the most successful growers in Middle America. Instead of wasting their substance in agitation and revolt,

they have transformed disaster into opportunity for service.

The third factor is education. It has been remarked that Costa Rica has more teachers than soldiers. This is an understatement. Whereas there are thousands of educators, on the primary and secondary school levels, there are hardly 500 in the armed forces, including the military band. Costa Rica with Uruguay boasts of the least illiteracy in Latin America.

Costa Rica falls squarely in the tropics. Nevertheless, the climate is notable for moderation.

Throughout all Middle America, the heat, except on the seacoasts, is tempered by altitude, and nowhere more equably than in Costa Rica. On the Caribbean side, average elevation extends from 2,100 to 5,900 feet above sea level. On the Pacific side, the figures taper off to 1,475 to 4,900 feet. Contrasted with the 7,500 average of the Valley of Mexico, the moderate altitude of Costa Rica is much more favorable to human effort. San José, like Caracas, Venezuela, has perpetual spring. Days are warm, followed by cool breezes at night. About 75% of the population has strung itself out, crescent-wise, in this highland nuclear zone. It is, in truth, a *tierra templada*, free from debilitating extremes.

Another cause of prosperity is the birth rate. The population, although not expanding on the scale of Puerto Rico, shows a steady increase. There are no oversize cities. San José, the capital, and seat of the national university, has 65,000 inhabitants, while

Cartago, the pioneer settlement, has half that. Nevertheless, the population density near those two cities, 260 per square mile, is almost unique in Latin America. While the population increases there, farmers and stock raisers push toward unexploited lands on the periphery. It is a region of expanding pioneer settlements, of people vigorously at work transforming empty country into ranches and homes.

If there were more areas like this in Ibero-America, so much land would not be bare and not so many rural communities would remain isolated. One illustration of pioneer spirit is visible at Irazú, where at an elevation of 9,800 feet cattle and potatoes furnish a livelihood. While families multiply in the hinterland, there is a constant replenishment of the fountain of life at the center. At Turrialba, site of an ancient mission with an altitude of 2,000 feet, the population grew from 1,068 in 1883 to 21,000 in 1936. Although this is spectacular, it does suggest that healthy children and prosperity go hand in hand, provided that sanitation, education, and moderate living are a national concern. Every child born in the republic has a decent chance to grow strong, learn, and work the land.

The final factor in the orderly development is a well-balanced economy. In 1938, the republic exported 2% of the coffee in Latin America; 10% of the bananas; and 4% of the cacao. Considering its size, about that of West Virginia, and its population, about 650,000 (hardly that of Milwau-

kee, Wis.), one must agree that Costa Rica is diversifying agriculture to the limit. In 1939 coffee constituted 51% of all exports; bananas 21%; cacao 13%, while the lowland cattle ranchers carried on a profitable commerce with highland planters and city dwellers. In recent years, the cacao industry has taken up some slack in the banana trade. Most foreign business is with the U. S., which in 1939 absorbed 45% of exports and supplied 58% of imports. Costa Ricans are our good customers as well as good neighbors. The U. S. market rounds out the Costa Rican national economy.

The country's Ambassador to the U. S., Dr. Francisco de Paula Gutiérrez, has summed up the situation: "We citizens of Costa Rica have learned two things: 1. the efficacy of evolution by enlightened law; 2. the importance of free elections."

"The labor code was based on the preamble of Part III of the Treaty of Versailles and the social doctrines of the Catholic Church as expressed in the encyclicals *Rerum Novarum*, *Quadragesimo Anno* and *Divini Redemptoris*, and the Social Code of Malines. We aim to give property owners, farmers, and workingmen a square deal, according to the principles of this social teaching."

Under President Picado, co-operation of the farmers of Costa Rica with the United Nations' war effort was intensified. Asparagus, tomatoes, sweet peppers, bananas, and oranges were flown to the armed services in the Canal Zone in less than three hours.

The island of Cocos, off the Pacific coast, figures in postwar plans for naval and air defense of the hemisphere. Experts from the U. S. Department of Agriculture co-operate with fruit and vegetable growers, supplying choice seeds and new tools. It is hoped that greater co-operation can be developed in education.

In a recent conversation, Ambassador Gutiérrez, waxing enthusiastic about the plain virtues of his people, described the "jeep incident." During the Presidency of Dr. Calderón Guardia, the San José public demanded a demonstration in celebration of enactment of the social-security laws. Of course, the Chief Magistrate was a central figure. President Calderón Guardia was escorted to a jeep that happened to be handy.

Amid shouting and good-natured laughter, the jeep rolled down the principal avenue. Suddenly, to avoid

the headquarters of the *Diario de Costa Rica*, the newspaper organ of the rival (Democratic) party, the jeep was detoured two squares to emerge in front of the modest "palace" of Archbishop Victor Sanabria, famed for his advocacy of an annual family wage for workers. In response to the shouts of the crowd, Archbishop Sanabria strode out on the balcony of his residence, gave a short speech and then was accorded a place of honor in the jeep. According to Ambassador Gutiérrez, no more democratic conveyance could have been imagined. Certainly, it may be conceded that the jeep was an improvement on the Mercedes-Benz and Fiat limousines in which Europe's dictators paraded. In the hierarchy of values, the jeep begins at the bottom. It is a vehicle as much at home in country as in city. In that sense, it typifies the spirit of Costa Rica's rural democracy.



Fable

There is a story, told in my adopted region of Cape Cod, about a mysterious man who used to call the local telephone operator every morning about the same hour and ask for the correct time. After several years, curiosity got the better of the telephone girl and finally one day she asked him, "Mister, would you mind telling me why you call up every morning like this and ask for the time?"

And the man said, "Sure, I'll tell you. I want to be very careful to get the exact time because I'm the man who blows the town whistle at noon."

"Well," said the telephone girl, "that's funny, that is. Because every day on the stroke of noon I set our clock by your whistle."

Moral: Man flounders in confusion and goes around in a silly circle until he learns that he must turn to some other power, outside, beyond, and greater than himself if he would find the truth.

Fulton Oursler on the Catholic Hour (NCCM) (29 July '45).

What Do You Know About Sleep?

By O. A. BATTISTA

Are you a pill-gulper? Or do you sleep round the clock, and wake up ready to throw it at somebody? In any case, the answers to the following questions will help you get the most out of sleep. Seven answered correctly means you're up on the "sleeping business." And if you get them all, don't pinch yourself. You're awake. (Answers on page 65.)

- 1: How many times does the average person in good health shift his or her position each night?
(a) ☒ (b) 14 (c) 35 (d) 111 - - - - - ()
- 2: How many days does the average person spend in bed between the age of 25 and 70?
(a) 3155 (b) ☒ 4380 (c) 5475 (d) 8030 - - - - - ()
- 3: Would you die more quickly from a lack of sleep than from a lack of solid food?
☒ (a) Sleep (b) Solid Food - - - - - ()
- 4: Sleeping on a side position, or face downward, is a strain on your heart.
(a) True (b) False - - - - - (c)
- 5: What is the best kind of mattress to sleep on?
(a) Medium (b) Hard (c) Soft - - - - - (c)
- 6: Should you drink liquids an hour or two before going to bed? Why?
(a) Yes (b) No ☒ - - - - - ()
- 7: How many doses of sleeping nostrums do you think were sold in the United States in 1939?
(a) 1,500,000 (b) 500,000 (c) ☒ 1,200,000,000 - - - - - ()
- 8: What is a safe potency for a sleeping pill prescribed by your physician?
(a) 1/10 grain (b) ☒ 1 grain (c) 5 grains (d) 15 grains - ()
- 9: How many states in the Union bar the sale of sleeping pills except on a doctor's prescription?
(a) 5 (b) 17 (c) 22 (d) 27 (e) ☒ 46 - - - - - ()
- 10: Are there any harmless or nonhabit-forming sleeping pills?
(a) ☒ Yes (b) No - - - - - ()
- 11: Is it advisable or not to smoke on awakening in the morning? Why?
(a) Yes (b) ☒ No - - - - - ()

Scholasticism and Order

By JOHN J. MONAHAN, S.J.

Condensed from the *Oregon-Jesuit**

A problem of unity

Scholasticism, like democracy, can mean just about what you like it to mean. Nowadays you can call democracy anything you wish, and people will believe you. Just make sure you call it loud enough.

That's the way it is with Scholasticism. The Dark Ages, philosophy, theology, the Greeks, medievalism, Aristotle, the Inquisition, Black Friars, the Universities, hair-splitting, angels on a pin point, astrology, alchemy, and old wives' tales — people somehow mix them all up in Scholasticism.

Scholasticism comes from *schola*, which is Latin for *school*. But to our European forefathers who lived, say, in the year 945 A.D. and for a long time after, *Schola* (with a capital S) didn't mean any old kind of school. It usually meant a school of philosophy and theology, run along Very Special Lines.

Now these Very Special Lines became so closely linked in everybody's mind with the idea of school, that they were known as Scholasticism, the System in the School.

Scholasticism is a system of thought. And like every system of thought that ever was or will be, it is the offspring of man's most manly (meaning human) instinct, the urge to unify. All systems of thought are unities or summings up of some view of life. Scholasticism is a very special unity. It is the

summing up into one system of those two views of life that were the inheritance of the Middle Ages, the Greek and the Christian.

Man by nature seeks unity in everything. He finds it in order, which is unity among many things. A hundred thousand soldiers, in order, are one army. Out of order, they're 100,000 soldiers. When each is in his place, unity results.

The reason men are always trying to put things in their proper place, to order or unify them, is that men have minds—which means simply that they know what things are and where they belong. As a result the best order in the world is in the mind itself; it is called knowledge. Look at aeronautics, for example. The expert who knows aeronautics has everything about flying as an ordered unit in his mind. Planes, motors, propellers, and a hundred other things—each in its proper place.

However, the knowledge of aeronautics leaves things like politics, poetry, a virtuous life, and God unassigned to their proper places. Aeronautics doesn't mention them. Just the same, man knows them and wants to get unity out of them. He wants to know the proper place of each. He keeps searching for a knowledge that will put everything he knows in its proper place. You call this wisdom. It tells you

*P. O. Box 198, Spokane, 2, Wash. November, 1945.

what is important about everything.

Now the Middle Ages were pretty well-fixed as far as wisdom went. Just a little too well-fixed, as a matter of fact. They didn't find wisdom; they found wisdoms—two of them. The first was the Christian theology, which they had inherited from the Apostles, through the Fathers and other religious minds of the early Church. The second was Greek, especially Aristotle's metaphysics. This was passed on to them by the Arabs.

Theology is a wisdom if there ever was one. It tells you about God as He has revealed Himself to men and how they are to get to Him. These are the important things; they measure the value of everything else.

But metaphysics also went under the name of wisdom. Metaphysics is the science which tells you what is real about everything. Now the real things being the important things, metaphysics tells you what is important about everything. That makes it wisdom. At least it did in the mind of the Middle Ages. The rage for Aristotle got to the point where his books were being sold in the streets like daily papers.

The general run of medieval theologians didn't contemplate this enthusiasm any too happily. Aristotle, as he was first explained and understood, seemed to be in conflict with traditional Christian doctrines. The theologians were afraid Aristotle's thought was a bit earthy for Christians. He insisted that things like potatoes, rocks, and bugs were real; and what was more to the point, that the body was actually a

part of man, and not just a prison for the soul.

This last didn't jibe with many of the old ideas, which often were less the ideas of Christ than the ideas of Plato, a Greek philosopher who had been Aristotle's teacher. Plato thought the soul would be far better off without the body, and he wasn't so sure that potatoes, rocks, and bugs were real. Our Lord certainly never taught such ideas. But the early Christian thinkers had snapped them up from Plato in the hope that they would help detach men from the things of this world.

However, there was another difficulty with Aristotle. The Arabs had dressed him up like a big bad wolf and made him say unholy things he had never said. Rightly enough, then, the theologians had Aristotle and all his works and pomps kicked out of the Schools. This didn't solve the problem. Someone soon found out that Aristotle never said such things. Then the theologians began to wonder.

What about this human wisdom? Was there something in it or wasn't there? St. Paul had once remarked, "The wisdom of this world is foolishness before God." On the other hand, weren't the keepers of the divine Word to have an eye peeled for whatever would bring men to the truth, "drawing out from their stores both new and old doctrines?" If Aristotle really added up the way he seemed to, earthy or not, couldn't he be the "new" to light up the "old," proving Christianity a "reasonable service"?

All this the theologians considered

and agreed to; they called Aristotle back to the schools, but this time without his Arabian costume. The work of unifying two wisdoms began.

The theologians themselves had a few things to tell Aristotle: mainly, that if and when his conclusions didn't tally with the doctrines of faith, he was to return to the quiet of his study and try again; his syllogisms were off side somewhere.

After a good measure of this give and take, reason and revelation came to terms. The first place went to theology, the wisdom, the science of the all-important: how to reach God. Metaphysics took its place at the right hand of theology as her strongest and most faithful servant. After all, the reason why getting to God is the most important thing in life is the fact that it's the most real thing in life. And metaphysics tells you all about the real.

This alliance is Scholasticism, the Very Special Lines in the Schools: to make divine wisdom clearer to men in the words of human wisdom; to purify human wisdom by divine. Scholasticism is the unity of unities, a wisdom born of two supreme wisdoms. And unity and wisdom being what the mind was made for, there can be only one thing better than Scholasticism: more Scholasticism, a more perfect unity. And there always is a more perfect unity, since there are always new things to be ordered by knowledge, and new knowledge by wisdom.

Sad to say, after the 13th century, generally, the Scholastics, of all persons, missed this point. They thought

either that Scholasticism as it was, couldn't be improved at all, or that it couldn't be improved without rejecting the old for something altogether new. Instead of taking what was good and making it better, they took what was no good and made it worse, especially in philosophy. They cooked up some ferocious errors. All that kept those errors from getting at basic Catholic truth was Revelation, which was the final word until the Reformation.

The Reformation was the end of theology as a final word, and its beginning as a pious mood. But moods are changeable. It wasn't long until that pious mood changed to an impious mood, and turned reason loose (reason being mostly the mistakes of the later Scholastics gone mad) to devour what was left of the deposit of faith outside the Church.

This left rationalism, which soon proceeded in its madness to devour itself. When nothing was left but the bad smell, the five senses took over, armed with microscopes and micrometers. Since then the sciences of the five senses have been going great guns except in one respect: they don't add up to unity. But the scientists, being men, are still looking for unity. So much so, in fact, that they have tried to make wisdom out of almost every one of the modern sciences: chemistry, sociology, historicism, mathematics, evolution, relativism, and a laboratoryful of others.

The latest candidate is atomic physics, booming in the atom bomb. They tell us this is going to make everything

else obsolete. This may be truer than they think. If men don't find a unity pretty soon there won't be much left to unify.

In any event, the world of thought can go on hunting till doomsday for an explanation of all reality in one of these sciences of the senses, and never find it. The reason is simply that any material science leaves out spiritual realities, like God, the soul, and thought, which are the only things you can't afford to leave out.

Most scientists see this, in a cloudy sort of way, because they are continually giving up one science as the last word and trying another. What they don't see is that the only human science that can give a picture of all reality is metaphysics, which alone comprehends both material and spiritual being: God and the atom.

However, this flitting from one brand of nonsense to another in the search for unity has been outside the Church. Catholic philosophers started right on the heels of the Reformation to look to the condition of their own intellectual back yard. They started a reform in Scholastic philosophy that finally began to pay off towards the last half of the last century, when the Popes sent them back to the first lights in Scholasticism to pick up the real spirit where it had been lost.

They did pick it up, and they show

every sign of intending to keep it this time. But the old problem of union now faces them in a new form. They have to unify all modern science under metaphysics.

This is a bigger job in some ways than the medievals had. Metaphysics and theology can at least use the same language. That is because they both deal first and foremost with spiritual reality, which is explained in terms of thought. You get to know spirit by thinking of it, with your eyes closed. But the modern sciences have to do with material reality, which is explained only in terms of experiment. You get to know it by watching it, with your eyes open. It is hard to interpret the language of thought in the language of experiment. Try describing the colors of a rose in terms of cause and effect and you will see why.

All of which makes it a bit harder for the metaphysician and the physicist to get together, to say nothing of the fact that for centuries they have hardly been on speaking terms anyway.

But of late years there has been more courtesy on both sides. People are forgetting old fables about the Scholastics and their hair-splitting. They are coming to see that the only system of thought that can explain man as man is the Scholastic system. In spite of their wrong ideas, that is the way most men want to be explained.

How To Do It

It is child's play to create a fascist party. All you have to do is call it an anti-fascist party.

Christopher Hollis in the *Catholic Herald* (19 Oct. '45).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Bauer, Florence Marvyn. *BEHOLD YOUR KING*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 408 pp. \$2.75. Novel of Palestine in the lifetime of our Lord, giving the authentic flavor of local customs and environment. Characterization of New Testament figures that does no violence to the Gospel's historic words.

Farnum, Mabel. *THE WOOL MERCHANT OF SEGOVIA* (St. Alphonsus Rodriguez). Milwaukee: Bruce. 202 pp. \$2. Picture of 16th-century Spain and a latecomer's life in a Jesuit community. A widowed businessman turns theologian and exemplar of the characteristics familiar to readers of his classic *Christian Perfection*.

Fenton, Carroll, & Fenton, Mildred Adams. *THE STORY OF THE GREAT GEOLOGISTS*. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 301 pp., illus. \$3.50. The development of knowledge and theories on the composition and growth of the earth's crust. Lives of geologists, with contributions made by each.

Flanagan, John T., ed. *AMERICA IS WEST; an Anthology of Middlewestern Life and Literature*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 677 pp., illus. \$3.75. Distinguished regional volume. Local scenes and life in the great Mississippi valley from the days of Father Hennepin through settlement, exploitation of land and water, and the rise of city life.

Graham, Frank. *AL SMITH, AMERICAN; an Informal Biography*. New York: Putnam. 242 pp., illus. \$2.50. Emphasizes human qualities in a poor boy's rise to national fame and symbol of politics with a heart. Many anecdotes from all periods of his life allow him to be in large part his own biographer.

Harold, Charles Frederick. *JOHN HENRY NEWMAN; an Expository and Critical Study of His Mind, Thought and Art*. New York: Longmans. 472 pp. \$3.50. Introduction to Cardinal Newman's works and analysis of his ideas, with circumstances of his life that prompted them. Recommended to every admirer of his unique style.

Houselander, Caryll. *THE FLOWERING TREE*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 144 pp. \$2. Thoughts in rhythm, and some in rhyme, on roads, people, churches, prayers, and the whole complex of life that makes the harmony and hymn of creation.

Kelley, Robert F., ed. *THE SPORTSMAN'S ANTHOLOGY*. New York: Howell, Soskin. 396 pp. \$3.50. Stories of racing, hunting, mountain climbing, football, sundry other recreations. Selections from American and British authors of the past century.

Newcomb, Covelle. *LARGER THAN THE SKY*. New York: Longmans. 216 pp. \$2.50. Illus. by Addison Burbank. Biography of James Cardinal Gibbons, author of *The Faith of Our Fathers*, and champion of the underdog.

Sorokin, Pitirim A. *THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE*. New York: Dutton. 338 pp. \$3.50. A keen and clear analysis of our civilization, that makes Oswald Spengler obsolete.

Windham, Joan. *NEW SIX O'CLOCK SAINTS*. Illustrations by Caryll Houselander. New York: Sheed & Ward. 104 pp. \$1.75. Another series of saints' lives for children, by the author of *Six O'Clock Saints*. Understandable for a six-year-old, and sophisticated enough for his aunt or uncle.